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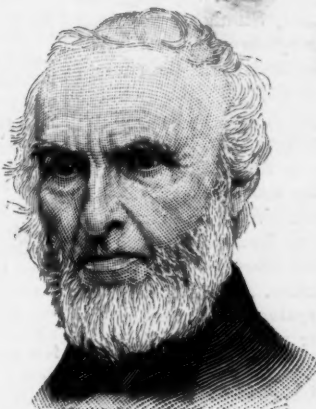
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NEW YORK—FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 4, 1889.

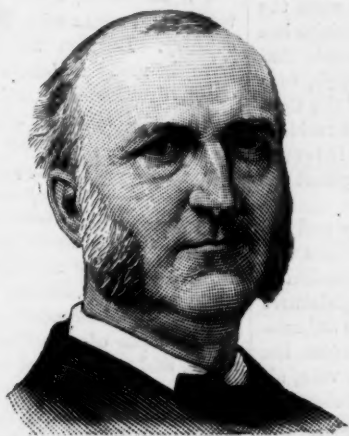
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Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D.



John G. Whittier, the Poet.

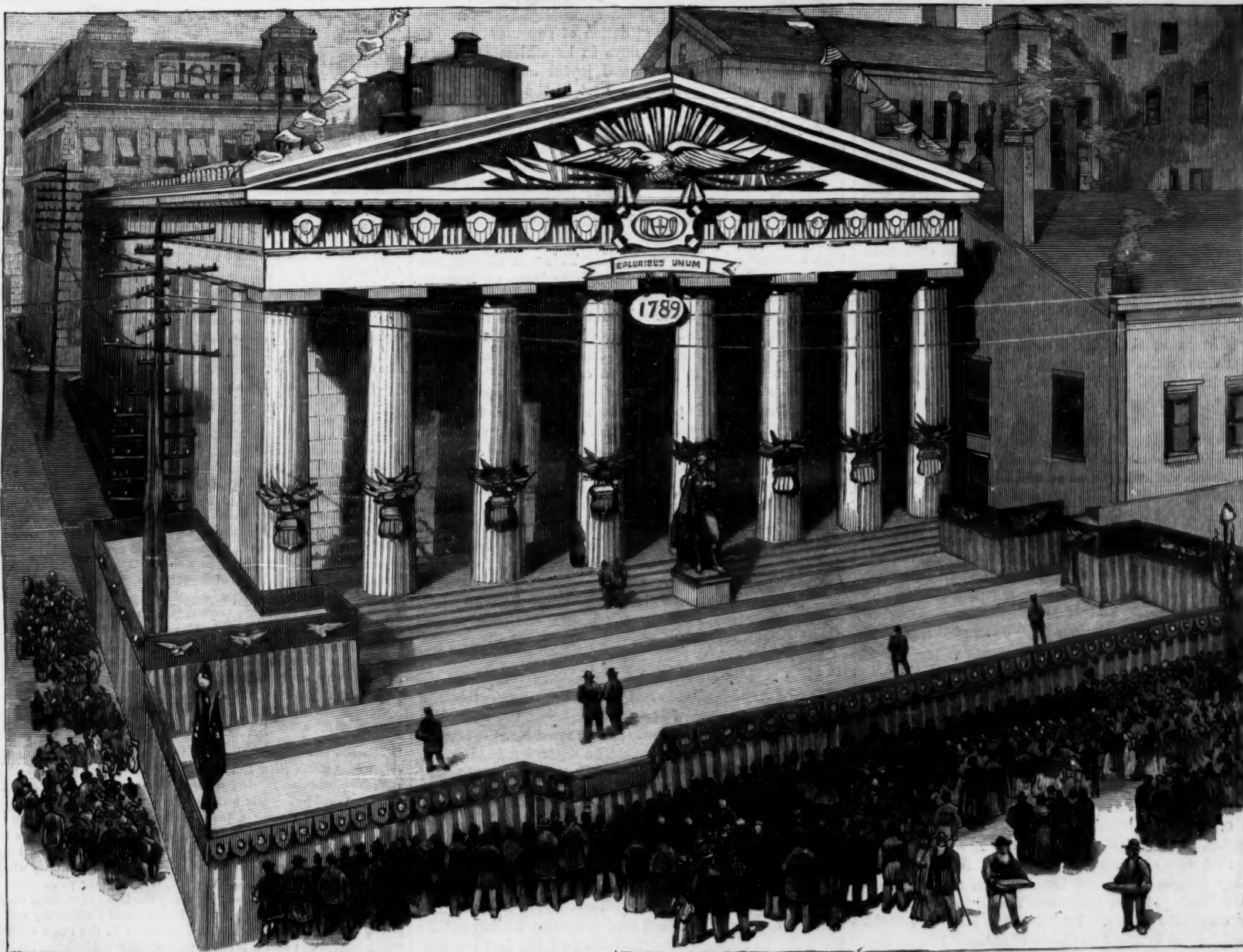


Hon. C. M. Depew, the Orator.



Archbishop Corrigan.

• PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PARTICIPANTS IN THE LITERARY EXERCISES AT THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE CENTENNIAL OF THE INAUGURATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—THE SUB-TREASURY BUILDING DECORATED.

FROM A SKETCH BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 302.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

53, 55 & 57 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Proprietor.

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1889.

### THE PROHIBITION REVERSE.

THE result of the election in Massachusetts last week, on the question of a Prohibition Amendment to the Constitution, is the latest and most serious in a long list of reverses which the Prohibitionists have suffered during the past year. A year ago this Spring the same question came to a vote in Michigan, and the result was a very narrow escape from defeat by the opponents of Prohibition. Indeed, the Prohibitionists of Michigan have always claimed that they actually carried the amendment, but were counted out after the polls were closed. However that may be, the Michigan result represented the high-water mark of the Prohibition agitation. Ever since, the wave has been receding. Texas, which was the next State to vote, gave a heavy majority against it, and so not long afterward did Tennessee, and still later West Virginia. New Hampshire was the first State to grapple with the question during the present year. As New Hampshire has long had a prohibitory law, it seemed quite probable that the amendment would secure a majority, although, as a two-thirds vote was requisite to make it a part of the Constitution, it was hardly expected that it would be ratified. To the general surprise of both parties, however, it turned out that a decided majority of the people were against the amendment.

The result in Massachusetts is, in every way and for many reasons, far more significant than any previous verdict. The question has been under serious discussion in that State for two years, while two successive Legislatures have been taking the necessary steps toward the submission of the amendment, and for several weeks before the election there had been a lively canvass. The vote, although far below what is cast in a Presidential election, was sufficiently large to indicate clearly the temper of the public mind, inasmuch as there is every reason to suppose that the stay-at-homes would have been as likely to vote in the negative as in the affirmative if they had gone to the polls. The result was a majority of nearly 45,000 against the amendment in a total vote of about 220,000. Eleven of the twelve Congressional Districts gave majorities in the negative, and the sole one on the other side was the First, which is chiefly made up of the little fishing villages and sparsely settled farming towns along Cape Cod and elsewhere in the south-eastern part of the State. Nearly all the cities gave large majorities against the proposed change in the Constitution, and the majorities on the other side in the country towns were much smaller than the Prohibitionists had confidently anticipated.

The result is plainly due to the deliberate conclusion of a large class of intelligent, thoughtful and conscientious people, who have carefully examined the question in its various bearings, that the insertion of a Prohibition amendment in the Constitution is not at the present time the best way to promote the cause of temperance. It is extremely significant that the negative vote was extraordinarily heavy in those quarters of great cities, like the Back Bay District in Boston, where the population is largely composed of the most intelligent and cultivated class of people.

Taken in connection with the other elections on this question during the past year, the Massachusetts result shows plainly that the Prohibition agitation is not likely to produce any effective result in the near future. Indeed, everything now indicates that comparatively little will be heard of it for some time to come, while a thorough trial is made of the High-license and Local-option systems combined, which are working such excellent results in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, and, indeed, in every State where they have been thus far tried. The overwhelming majority against Prohibition in Massachusetts does not mean, as some foolish Prohibitionists declared beforehand it would mean, that the "rum power" controls the State; it simply means that the people who believe in temperance, and who constitute an overwhelming majority of the population, have concluded that Prohibition amendments are not the best means of promoting the cause which they have so much at heart.

### SUNDAY RAILROAD TRAINS.

ON the Vanderbilt system of railroads there is to be an honest effort to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, and the experiment will be watched with the deepest interest. If successful, it is tolerably certain that public opinion will compel car-wheels to remain quiet on Sunday throughout the country. Mr. Depew considers that the stoppage of all save a few absolutely necessary freight-trains on Sunday is a matter of experiment, and yet this has been already done by voluntary corporate action. Probably the case of the Intercolonial road in the Provinces of Canada is not pertinent, because this road is supported by the Government; but the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad practically suspends all traffic on Sunday, with the necessary exceptions of a through passenger-express or two and a few freight-trains, and this road has been able

to maintain itself as one of the most profitable properties in the country. As a matter of fact, the disapproval of general and unchecked Sunday railroad business which most good citizens feel, in some degree, has found expression in the law. Railroads in New Jersey are, in theory, permitted to run only mail-trains on Sunday, but the law there and elsewhere has been allowed to become a dead letter, and the corporations, like the Sunday rum-sellers, have used every means to make money, regardless of the law. The argument that it is impossible to stop the railroads for one day out of seven is answered by the fact that it has been done; and moreover, a total stoppage in the case of the Vanderbilt roads is not contemplated. The movement of perishable goods, live stock, milk and similar articles is plainly a work of necessity. The running of freight-trains or excursion-trains simply for money-making is as plainly unnecessary. In other words, the same common-sense rules should be applied to railroad management which are used in the affairs of every-day life.

It is obvious that railroad men who ask to work six days of the week instead of seven, and to be paid accordingly, should have the privilege. It is not to be doubted that the morale of the service would be greatly improved. It has been said that Sunday excursion-trains are a necessity, since they furnish the poor in large towns and cities with their only means of enjoying the country. But, on the other hand, Sunday excursions have, in many instances, become synonymous with disorder, drunkenness and violence, and their benefits to women and children are perhaps offset by the positive injury they do to many participants, and to the suburban residents whose premises are apt to be invaded. In short, it is simply reasonable to insist that railroads and railroad men should follow the rules of conduct laid down for other forms of business. With the common-sense exceptions already noted, we believe this can be done, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt deserves commendation for the stand which he has taken. The influence of the example of the Vanderbilt system will affect other roads, and we may yet see all our roads recognizing the value of one day in seven as a day of rest, aside from the higher considerations which will assert themselves in many cases.

### THE STORY OF A RESCUE.

SELDOM in the annals of the sea, so full of tales of human suffering and heroism, has there been a story of such dramatic interest as that of the rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Danmark*. The very order of the events was so arranged as to rivet from the first the eager attention of two continents, to hold the public mind for days in breathless suspense, and then, on the sudden and joyful dénouement, to awaken the most thrilling interest in the minutest details of the story.

A passing steamer on its way to England sighted a ship sinking, but still holding her name above the waters. That name revealed the fact that she had sailed from the north of Europe for America, freighted with more than six hundred human beings, seeking a new home. But no sign of life appeared on the disabled vessel, and only a broken hawser over her bow gave any token that a rescuer had been at hand. This was all that was known for days, but it was enough to keep up hope in the hearts of those specially interested, and enough to excite in all minds the keenest interest in the situation. But as the days passed, and ship after ship came in without tidings, confidence began to fail, and the intense public interest began to yield to a conviction of disaster. Then came another incident, which gave a new impulse and awakened new hope and attention. A boat was seen drifting, without occupants, on the ocean, and it was plain that she had belonged to the disabled *Danmark*. But still no tidings came, and it seemed that every vessel that might have saved the passengers had been accounted for. Yet the interest did not flag, nor was hope entirely abandoned. In some unaccountable way, and with no actual fact to point in that direction, it seemed to be in the air that tidings of rescue would yet come from the Azores. But still the suspense was prolonged, until suddenly, in a flash, came the joyful news that all were saved; all, indeed, but one—the faithful engineer, struck down mysteriously by his machinery, in the discharge of his duty.

Then rapidly followed the accounts of the rescue, so full of dramatic incidents and picturesque details that the story of the sinking of the *Danmark* and the saving of her precious freight of human lives must have a permanent place in our literature. The shaft, snapped off far within the ship during a raging storm; the crushing of the timbers by the disabled machinery; the engineer struck dead at his post; the stern of the ship slowly sinking during a night of storm; the struggle to keep her other compartments afloat by pumping, after all power of movement was gone; the straining of hundreds of eyes at dawn for some sail on the horizon; the sudden joy at seeing a ship bearing down with answering signals; the sense of human aid at hand during another stormy night; the gaining leak and the vanishing of the last hope of being towed into port; the prompt and manly response of the young captain to the request to take them all from the jaws of death to his loaded ship; the jetsam of his cargo to make room for fellow-beings; the skillful transfer of every one in safety over the sea, yet raging; the

splendid bearing of officers and men on both ships; "women and babies first," and the captain of the doomed ship last; the noble hospitality and unselfishness of all on the *Missouri* in relieving the needs of the strangers thus crowded upon them; the continuing storm and another day of anxiety as to whether the duty undertaken could be safely done, or would end in double disaster; the clearing skies and the safe landing on the sunny shores of the Azores; the sailing of the *Missouri* to America with more than half the rescued passengers; the addition of another by the birth of a baby-girl, who will bear the name of the gallant ship which saved her mother; the joyful procession up the Delaware; the bountiful welcome of the strangers from Scandinavia, unable to express their thanks in words, and the hearty outburst of enthusiasm for the manliness and heroism of Captain Murrell; and, at last, his modest disclaimer, that "any other man would have done the same"—surely there is in these details, as we learn them from so many mouths, the "Story of a Rescue" unsurpassed in interest, and almost without parallel in its joyful termination.

### THE BEHRING SEA SEAL-FISHERIES.

THE threat of the sealers of British Columbia to resist the execution of President Harrison's proclamation warning all persons against entering Behring Sea for the purpose of taking seals recalls attention to the criticisms which have been directed against that proclamation and the misconceptions of its purpose which have found expression. It has been characterized, for instance, as an attempt to close this vast body of water to foreign vessels, and as an invasion of the common rights of mankind. But, in point of fact, the proclamation does not define any boundaries; it merely pursues the terms of the statute requiring it to be issued, and applies to "all the dominions of the United States in the waters of Behring Sea." It leaves the extent of that dominion open, and the scope of the proclamation must be limited by the principles of international law.

Besides, the subject-matter is such that the rights of other nations in the open seas can scarcely be involved. The object is to prevent the indiscriminate destruction of fur-bearing animals, to the injury of the future supply of the world. It is an object in which all civilized nations are interested. To attain the purpose, it is not necessary to close the great seas of the region inhabited by these animals. Their home is on and about the shores of lands over which the United States Government has absolute dominion. The seal is a carnivorous mammal and breathes the air. They seek their food in the water, but they live and multiply on the land. They are found most frequently on the shores, or in the waters, or on cakes of ice near them. They are not hunted, like the whale, in the deep seas. Man surprises them in their homes on the land, and generally kills them by the vulgar method of clubbing, and rarely with the harpoon.

The little group of the Pribylov Islands lies in the midst of Behring Sea, about two hundred miles from the main coast, and as far from the nearest of the Aleutian range. These little spots of land, surrounded by hundreds of miles of ocean, are certainly within the dominion of the United States, and subject to its absolute control. Here is the largest seal population in the world—generally estimated at five or six millions, although the census is not very accurate. Their habits and migrations are well known, and their furs are of the most desirable quality. But for some government regulation they would soon be exterminated. The recent proclamation is only a step in the policy of protecting them which was adopted on our acquisition of the territory from Russia in 1867. We paid \$7,200,000 for it, with very little knowledge of what the actual land was worth. But we knew that some of its shores and the adjacent waters were swarming with wealth in the shape of millions of seals. The mines and the forests were inaccessible and safe, and might well wait for protective legislation. But the seals were sunning themselves on the shores, and were very tempting, for their skins were like gold in the market. But this wealth must not be left open for any spoiler, or it would speedily vanish. Therefore, as soon as we became the owners of it, we sought to protect it by law. In 1868 laws were enacted making it punishable to kill fur-bearing animals in Alaska, except under regulations by the Secretary of the Treasury. But the region was too remote for the efficient working of mere preventive laws. The seal-fisher knew very well that justice had not an arm long enough to reach him.

So the Government called private enterprise and vigilance to its aid in protecting this portion of its public wealth. In 1870 a contract was made with the Alaska Commercial Company, leasing them the seal colonies of the Pribylov Islands for twenty years, at an annual rent of fifty thousand dollars and a tax on each skin taken; and the details of the slaughter were carefully prescribed, in view of the perpetuation of the race. This contract will expire next year, and new arrangements will then be required. This policy has attained its great object—the preservation of this valuable source of wealth from destruction by indiscriminate greed. It is not just to cry out against the company as a monopoly, or to complain that it has gained too much by its efforts. Its work was in a distant field, and with many risks. Its purpose was to preserve a great source of national wealth then just acquired and open to spoliation. That purpose has been accomplished, and the period allotted for it is now expiring. It is time for new plans suited to present conditions. The law of the 2d of March, 1889, and the President's proclamation are merely preliminary steps to that end.

### SAFETY BY SEA.

THE sea has seldom rendered back missing lives—with but a single blank in a full list—after long days of doubt, and with such growing cause for despair, as in the case of the foundered *Danmark*. Considering the awful apprehensions which must agonize so many hearts during a period of mystery such as hid the *Danmark's* fate, would it not be right, and would it not be quite practicable, to settle upon some known signal by which a vessel sighting an abandoned ship should be able to know, not only whether any one was at the time on board, but whether passengers and crew had been rescued? It is too much the habit of modern civilization to fail in practical sympathy for personal foreboding and anguish, so long as the commercial interests in the same stake are well attended to; and it is grave part of the consideration that commercial interests, and such human life as they involve, are risked in the present elaboration of the insurance and bonding systems, as they did not use to be.

Of course, it is patent that such interests, in connection with the *Danmark*, were not well looked after, unless it was an instance of deliberate coffin ship policy—a suspicion to which any line



guilty of sending out ships of questionable seaworthiness, and freighted with human life to two and three times more than their legally fixed capacity, is justly liable. For want of that true system of aerial navigation which was to supersede both, travel by sea has become almost as constant and general as by land. But death by sea is a greater horror to the victim and a far more bitter grief to the survivor, because it means no return even of the body for last loving cares, because it means mystery and the absence of that detail which the loving heart cannot help wishing to know, and because, in the great majority of cases, wreck means guilty carelessness or mismanagement.

There are very few circumstances in which collision or foundering are really excusable, and the overlaid ship is always a ship that starts out in contract with disaster and death.

Let us not only have laws which fix the seaworthiness and capacity of ships, but let us insist on the utmost vigilance and thoroughness in the execution of such laws. Surely every one to whom any life of man, woman or child is dear and precious will unite with us in this demand; and since the few men and women who, from generation to generation, do most of the brave labors which roll the wheels of this world toward the Day are born out of just those broad levels of humanity which move in unregarded masses hither thither and go down to the sea in ships, surely the fitness of the ships is true and near concern of the State.

### THE SECRET OF THE CHRISTICH'S POWER.

It is certainly an astounding thing that the most notable dupes of charlatans are men of wide knowledge and striking mental gifts," says the accomplished London correspondent of the New York Sun, in allusion to the latest reports of the supremacy of the Christich over the ex-King of Serbia. But the explanation really lies in the very next words, which describe Milan as—what all the world knows him to be—a "depraved and dissipated" prince, familiar with all that in Paris or London can slay the spiritual and debase the animal in man.

History and letters, both before and since Shakespeare, teach by authentic illustration that mental gifts without moral quality lack path wherewith to form or sustain high purpose; that no amount of intellect, no width of information or acquirement unenlivened by strength of heart and heart-vitalizing ideals, can suffice to save man or woman from wallowing in the mire; and of all the spurious shrines to which such debauched brains make pilgrimage, this one of so-called spiritualism seems to be Mecca. Into its foggy environment and disgustingly unsanitary, vulgarizing *mélange*—ycleped spiritualism, hypnotism, occultism, mesmerism, or whatever term can be wrested from its normal scientific association—some innocent, well-meaning souls are drawn; but it is the general grand camp of salacious self-indulgence, comatose conscience and sloth, the more dangerous because it pitches its tents so near to the sights and sounds of the true celestial city.

The brute-born brute, and, therefore, being a brute by the necessity of birthright, is worthy of all respect, but the man-born man, who strangles the angel in himself to pamper the brute, he cannot by any force of brain or acquirement recover his birthright. Hence the Christiches and Diss Debars have work to their hand. Intellect is good, common sense is better, and common-sense goodness is best. Mirabeau had brains and knowledge of the world, but he would have meant more and better, first to himself and then to France, since, and in the present, if, for instance, Madame de Nehra had been able to write happy memoirs of her life! Napoleon had an intellect and a comprehension of men and of affairs which placed the whole map of Europe under his revising pencil. Had he abided in simple, manly faithfulness by his marriage-vows to Josephine, there would have been no fateful alliance with an unsympathetic foreign throne, disintegrating in its whole outcome to the very plans for which he formed it; there would have been no abortion of his loftiest ambition made awfully impressive in the pathetically feeble existence and forlorn death-bed of the infant King of Rome, and there would have been no unheeded echo—on a barren coast beyond ken of his kind—of that footfall to which the whole continent of Europe had been wont to vibrate. For the quality which would have made him true to his wife would have made him true altogether, and by his truth the keener and surer as patriot and statesman; and whatever else might now have been the plight of France, it would not be that of an effete aristocratic government, disguised as a Republic, bestriding the unequal steeds of Boulangerism and Bourbonism.

There is a Book which instructs us that the power of the pure in heart is the power of vision, and discernment, the basis of the faculties of discrimination and judgment, is, in the best sense, intellect and knowledge, too. Lincoln had it, and, without any conspicuously great gifts of mind, it destined him to guide the ship of American State—with his clean, firm hand on the throttle of the incapacity, insubordination and mutiny aboard—right through the narrow, danger-jagged straits of civil war; it destined him to set slaves free, and to be himself so free in the love and exercise of all loyalties, that no confusion of issues or principles, no pressure of personal influence, could blind or make him swerve.

The siren of any false doctrine can get the head of any man, however gifted, for her footstool, if his head is divorced from his heart and engaged to his unhelped passions.

### WOMEN'S CLUBS.

THE steps recently taken toward a federation of women's clubs probably first revealed to the general public how important a function the club has already come to perform in women's lives. The first woman's club that ever was founded, the well-known Sorosis, is but twenty years old, and already, within this period, the women's clubs of America, clearly to be distinguished from philanthropic or benevolent or religious societies, are to be numbered by the hundreds. That an idea so unfamiliar, a departure so essentially unprecedented, has so speedily obtained so wide a sanction, shows that it really did come to meet what advertisers call a felt want. The woman's club differs essentially from the man's club in its fundamental idea. The purposes of these women's clubs are widely varied. They include an almost indefinite number of objects, but in every one, without exception, the underlying idea has been, not amusement, not comfort, not the cultivation of one or another special interest, but the development of the individual. And every one of them, without exception, promotes the doing of something merely as a means of promoting the being of its individual members—the development of all that is most truly and essentially herself.

The special objects of these clubs, as we have said, are indefinitely varied. Nearly all of them have some literary or intellectual end in view. They promote study, thought, research. Nearly all of them exercise also some social functions, these being, in fact, almost inseparable from any idea of a club. Many of them occupy themselves, to some extent, with the duties of women to the public weal, as when two women's clubs of Buffalo procured a law providing for

women on the Boards of Insane Asylums of the State, or when the Woman's Press Club of Boston promoted the passage of the Police Matron's Bill, and of the Bill raising the age of consent from ten to eighteen years, or when the Chicago Woman's Club put matrons in every jail and station-house, women physicians in insane asylums, women commissioners on the School Board, and founded free kindergartens; or, as when the New Orleans Woman's Club came to the aid of the authorities in times of emergency, like the floods of last year or the fever of a few years before. But all these works were of secondary interest; in no case was the club created for such purposes, or its fundamental idea subordinated to them. To bring out women's powers, to fit her for the new duties of a new age, to cultivate her whole nature, to widen her horizon and bring her out of self, to supply to her companionship, and to make her companionable, by whatever means these objects have been pursued, the objects have been in all cases essentially the same.

Up to this time it has not seemed to occur to women that the club can have for them any such function as in its best development it performs for men. In no case do they seem to find in it a cheap and available substitute for the comforts and luxuries of a home when that is wanting. This is probably because women have the home-making faculty to such a degree that even when homeless and condemned to boarding-house lodgings they are able to be fairly comfortable. But in a city like New York the need of a club on the masculine plan, where newspapers, and a sitting-room, and comfortable meals, can be provided at first cost, must be increasingly felt by the large army of lonely, self-supporting women. We commend this suggestion to Sorosis as a fit subject of consideration, now that she has attained her majority and come to the duties and privileges of mature years.

A NORTH CAROLINA editor interviewed ex-President Cleveland, while the latter was returning from his recent Florida trip, and published a column-and-a-half report of the New York lawyer's remarks, which Mr. Cleveland now "contents himself with saying," publicly, is "very inaccurate and misleading." The statement to which this characterization presumably refers is one in which Mr. Cleveland is represented as saying that, while he loves the South and all her people, he won't accept another Presidential nomination in 1892. It is too bad, the way those reporters get things mixed up; and, as Mr. Cleveland pathetically remarks, "it is very unfortunate to attempt to run down the errors and misrepresentations of a newspaper interview."

ALL indications point to the fact that the Tory Government of Great Britain, unable longer to withstand the pressure of public opinion, propose, at an early date, to bring forward a Local-government Bill for Ireland, presumably similar to that recently offered to Scotland, and ignominiously refused, both being based on Mr. Ritchie's Bill for England, passed last year. While such a measure would be a decided concession to Ireland, it is doubtful whether it would satisfy the people of that country, now fully educated up to Home Rule in its entirety. But this even the hard-pressed Tories are not yet prepared to concede. In his speech at Sunderland, Lord Hartington emphatically denied the right of Ireland to anything more than merely local powers, and this is probably all that can be expected from the combined wisdom of Conservatives and Unionists. It is more than doubtful whether a half-way measure of this character would prove satisfactory either to the dyed-in-the-wool Tories or to the great majority of the Gladstonians, or prove efficient in long postponing the downfall of the present Cabinet, which every day brings perceptibly nearer.

WHEN the "Trust" was first introduced to the public it was disguised beneath the pretext that wasteful competition reacted upon the consumer, that combination meant cheaper production, and that the Trust would really benefit the public and secure lower prices. These familiar arguments have been tried by experience and found wanting. The formation of the Sugar Trust was followed by a rise in the price of sugar, and other similar experiences have had the same result. The latest revelation of the real effect of the Trust comes from the trouble in the Oatmeal Trust. Several mills had been bought off, and paid to stop production. But other mills entered the field, and the tax upon the operating mills became so burdensome that they refused to pay the former bonus and offered a smaller payment. This was refused by owners of idle mills at Des Moines, Cedar Falls and elsewhere, and it is stated that some of these mills will re-enter the business, others will follow, the production will be increased, and the Trust will be forced to lower its prices to meet the outs. In other words, competition, in place of the Trust, will result in lower prices to the consumer—a valuable object-lesson.

It seems only yesterday that Florida was congratulating herself upon the cessation of the yellow-fever epidemic of 1888; and the fervent hope was cherished that vigilant sanitation had exorcised the demon of the plague, not only temporarily, but permanently. Last week, however, a death from yellow fever at Sanford was reported to Surgeon-general Hamilton, of Washington, by the President of the Florida State Board of Health. Of course, one case does not necessarily mean an epidemic; but the strictest precautions are in order, and will no doubt be taken without delay. The places where the fever prevailed last year are regarded as the least exposed to the danger of a fresh outbreak, on account of the sanitary measures adopted, and also because the residents are to a certain extent "acclimated." Sanford was visited by yellow fever two years ago, but the fact was concealed from the authorities at the time. This fatal policy of suppression, it is earnestly hoped, will in no case be pursued in the future. Dr. Hamilton, who has gone to Florida, reports the State in much better condition to fight off a possible epidemic than ever before, the State Board of Health, authorized by a recent law, having adopted efficient regulations for the protection of the public health.

WHETHER General Boulanger has a real capacity for affairs or not is a question that must be left to time to answer; but it must be confessed that his ways have a strange lack of coherence and of definiteness. His sudden flight to Belgium has a look of the ridiculous in it, even after allowance is made for all the reported dangers and traps about him in Paris; and now that he has moved to England, he carries with him the same general air of melodrama running easily into broad farce. He could do nothing in either flight without his black horse, ostentatiously forwarded by rail or by steamer—as if there were no horses in Belgium or England! One thing keeps the general from disappearing in a roar of laughter, and that is the watchful attitude of the French Government toward him. It is concluded, and rightly enough, that the man whose movements are followed so closely must be a power; and if the man himself does not lose his head, it will not be for want of gratified vanity. Belgium urged him to withdraw, because his presence made the kingdom insecure; and he was received in England with special trains at his free disposal, as if he had been an

exiled emperor. For the time, he is in the mouths of all men; but what will come of it? A sober review of the position does not promise much for Boulanger. He can only work in France as a kind of conspirator, safely lodged at a distance, transmitting messages to the discordant parties that agree only in using him against the Republic. Personal prestige, of which he undoubtedly had a share, has been, for the most part, obliterated by his flight, and with every month that passes he must lose something of his hold on his followers. He will gain nothing in England to balance his losses in France; and the danger to the Republic will fade away like a mist, if the Government keeps a cool head and a firm hand.

THE preparations of the Civil-service Commission for applying the rules to the railway-mail service seem to indicate no lack of sincerity in the proposed new departure. There are 5,320 officials at present in the railway-postal service, and of these only two—the general and the assistant superintendent—are exempt from the application of the rules. All others are included in the classified service, and all other places must be filled by promotion, transfer or examination. The superintendents of mails at classified post-offices are to be selected from among the employés of the service. Circulars have been issued by the Commission giving detailed information, and it is worth while to note the statement that "there is no need of seeking the aid of any prominent or presumably influential person to secure an application-paper or an examination. No recommendation or certificate besides those provided for on the application itself will be received or can be of any use." It is to be hoped that these declarations will be carried out in practice, whatever pressure may be brought against the civil-service rules. There is reason for hopefulness, since the principle of business methods in Government work is steadily gaining ground. Including the mail service, there are now 27,200 offices under the civil-service rules. The list includes offices in the departments, customs, postal and railway-mail service; and the fact that so much progress has been made in some fifteen years is certainly encouraging.

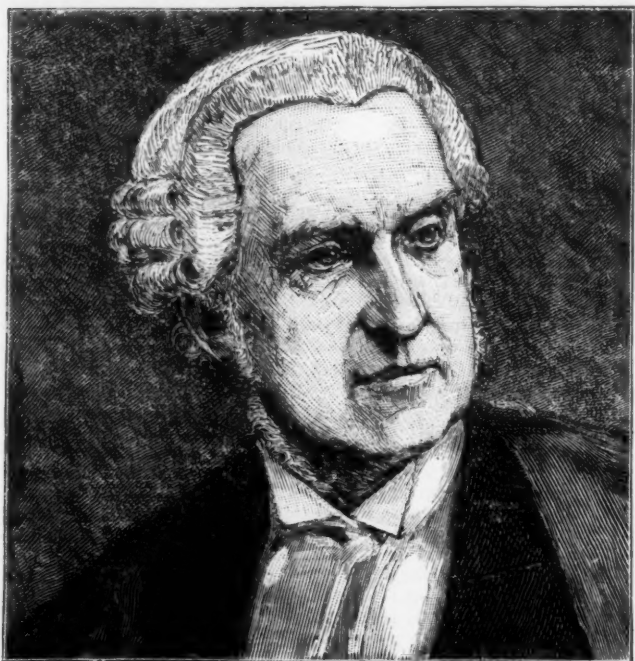
AND now comes the story from Serbia that the real cause of the recent troubles there, including King Milan's abdication in favor of his son, is to be found in the newest name for animal magnetism—hypnotism. It was known that the ruler of Serbia was entirely under the influence of M<sup>me</sup>. Artemisia Christich, wife of the Prime Minister, and that he was quite willing, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," to pass into the obscurity of private life if he could but retain the companionship of the woman who had charmed him. To secure this end, Milan had obtained a divorce from Queen Nathalie, and it was rumored that Premier Christich proposed to be equally accommodating. We are now permitted, if the latest intelligence should prove correct, to inspect the "true inwardness" of the Milan-Christich relation—an *entente*, it seems, in which the monarch was not a free agent. In other words, it is asserted that the stout Artemisia, "a big, dark woman, with a low forehead and no external evidences of much intellectual capacity," is a powerful magnetizer, and can mold the morally weak, but intellectually clever, ruler to her will. When urged not to abdicate, he replied, in a strange, dazed manner, "It's no use; I must do it." But if hypnotism is thus to become a factor in politics, what monarch can feel that he is altogether safe? Even the best-intentioned might succumb to influences so powerful and make a fool of himself. But perhaps this is the method chosen by Providence to hasten the inauguration of a universal republic—for, whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad.

THE "chief of life-savers" is the enviable title which has been nobly earned by Captain Murrell of the steamship *Missouri*, the brave seaman who rescued 753 souls from the sinking *Danmark*, in a heavy sea, without the loss of a single life. It was a great responsibility which he exercised in deciding to sacrifice his cargo and go seven hundred miles out of his course; and in these days, when the selfish commercial spirit is supposed to prevail, there are many who would not exercise their discretion in the interests of humanity. But the discretion which Captain Murrell had as commander of his vessel was used without a thought of selfish interest, of delay to his trip, loss to the owners, and consequent embarrassment for himself. This prompt, ready sacrifice to the cause of humanity is a practical sermon on the true brotherhood of man. It is pleasant to see that the act of this Good Samaritan of the seas has touched a chord which vibrates throughout two continents. At the Philadelphia Maritime Exchange's reception thousands came to grasp the modest seaman's hand. He was praised by the Mayor, dined by the St. George's Society, and publicly thanked by the Legislature. The Humane Society has awarded him its first medal, a purse of \$1,500 has been raised for himself and his crew, and the King of Denmark proposes to decorate the man who saved so many of his subjects. No; the old instincts are not dead. Even in the dull life of to-day heroism strikes out answering sparks. The story of Stanley in Africa, the spectacle of American naval officers at Samoa going to their deaths with colors flying and cheers for their comrades on their lips, and Captain Murrell's disregard of all save the sanctity of human life—these things have lifted men above mere mammon-worship for a time, and have taught a lesson in nobility and self-sacrifice which the world has recognized.

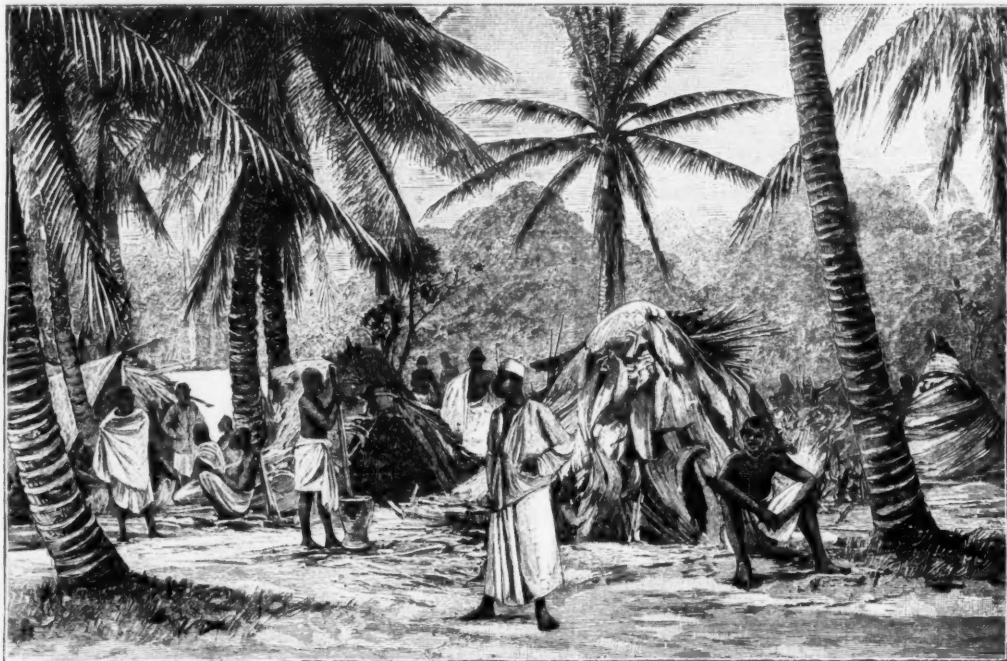
THE opening of Oklahoma was as severe a test of character and patience as could well be imagined, but on the whole America came off with flying colors. Nothing more trying could be devised than the waiting on the very borders of the "Promised Land," the uncertainty and suspicion, the hopes so near fruition, and the fears. In the wild rush which followed the removal of the barriers there was certainly a remarkable self-restraint. Thousands of land-seekers have been disappointed, but the law-abiding instincts of the American people controlled the situation, and even the desperate characters who were drawn to the scene appear to have been kept in subjection. Some bloodshed and disorder was inevitable, but, considering the comparative lack of restraint, the excitement, and the intense determination to obtain land, the only wonder of the future historian will be that the opening of Oklahoma was not a "carnival of crime." Most of those who were impelled by the land-hunger showed themselves desirous of observing the laws and securing their homesteads by fair means. The one conspicuous exception seems to have been the land-grabbing scheme at Guthrie, where many of the best lots and considerable land was staked off and "settled" before noon of Monday, April 22d. For this crime—since it is certainly a crime to steal land—the railroad company and some of the Government officials seem to be more or less responsible. Several persons secured appointments as deputy marshals for the express purpose of gaining this advantage in taking up claims. This is the most disgraceful feature of the opening; but it can and must be set right by the Government. The American people believe in fair play, and they will not tolerate the palliation of this offense because the Guthrie land-grabbers have money and influence. Another and brighter feature of this strange, romantic invasion has been the admirable conduct of the officers and soldiers who have guarded the border.



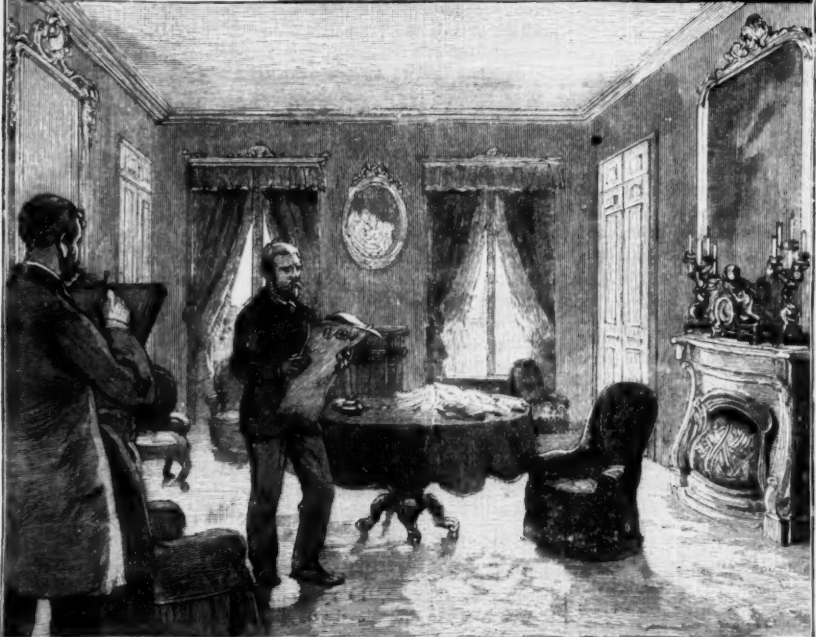
Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 203.



ENGLAND.—THE PARNELL COMMISSION—SIR CHARLES RUSSELL,  
Q.C., M.P., COUNSEL FOR MR. PARNELL.



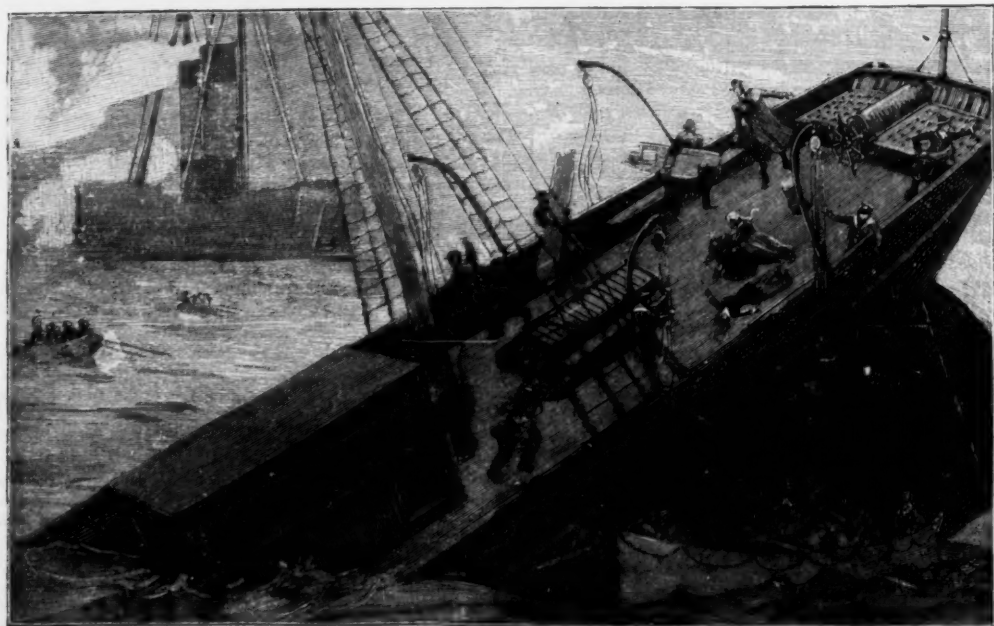
EAST AFRICA.—NATIVE FUGITIVES ENCAMPED NEAR THE MISSIONARY STATION AT BAGAMOYO.



BELGIUM.—GENERAL BOULANGER'S QUARTERS AT THE HÔTEL MENGELLE, BRUSSELS.



HOLLAND.—WILHELMINA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF THE NETHERLANDS.



ENGLISH CHANNEL.—COLLISION OF THE STEAMERS "PRINCESSE HENRIETTE" AND "COMTESSE DE FLANDRE,"  
AND SINKING OF THE LATTER.

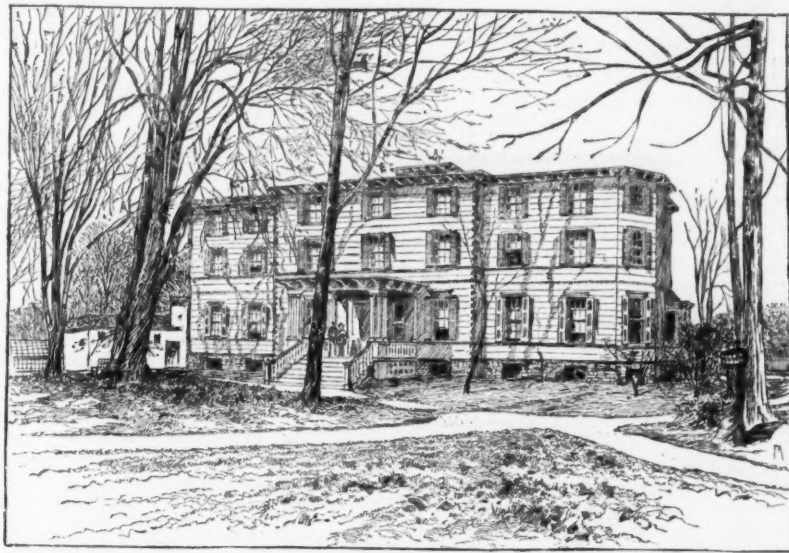


HOLLAND.—DUKE ADOLPH OF NASSAU, NOMINATED  
REGENT OF THE NETHERLANDS.





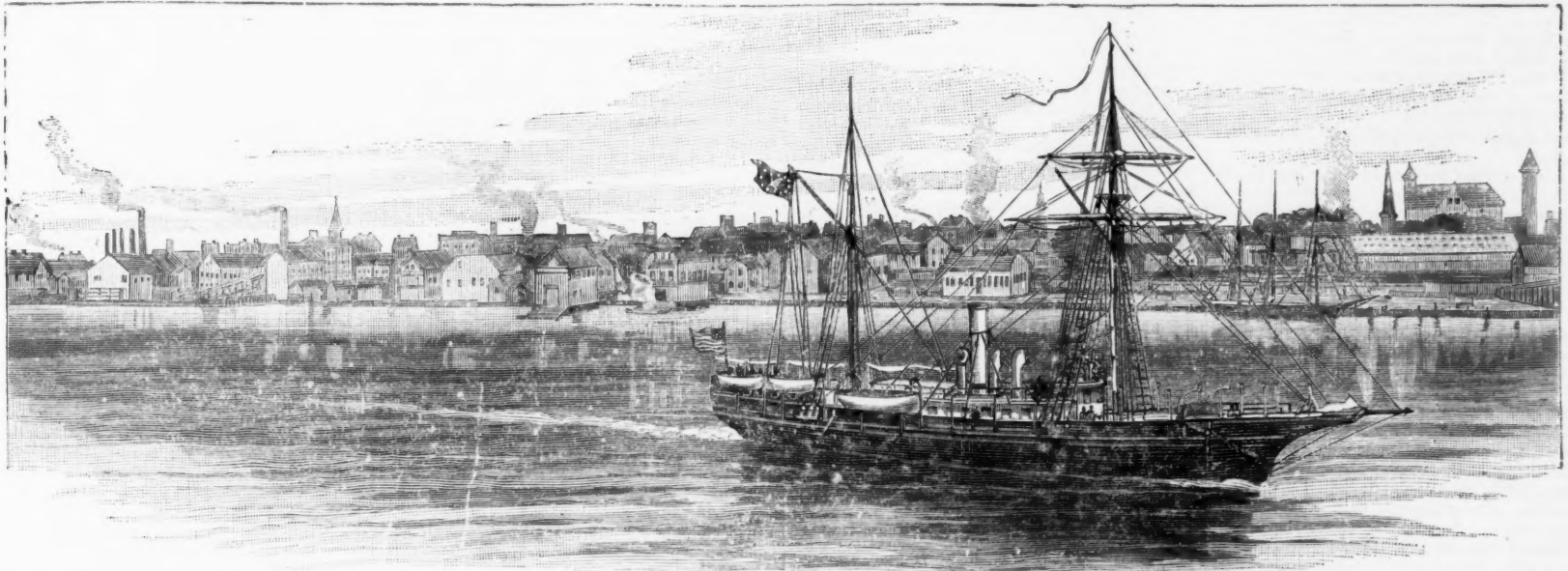
WM. LIVINGSTON, NEW JERSEY'S FIRST GOVERNOR.



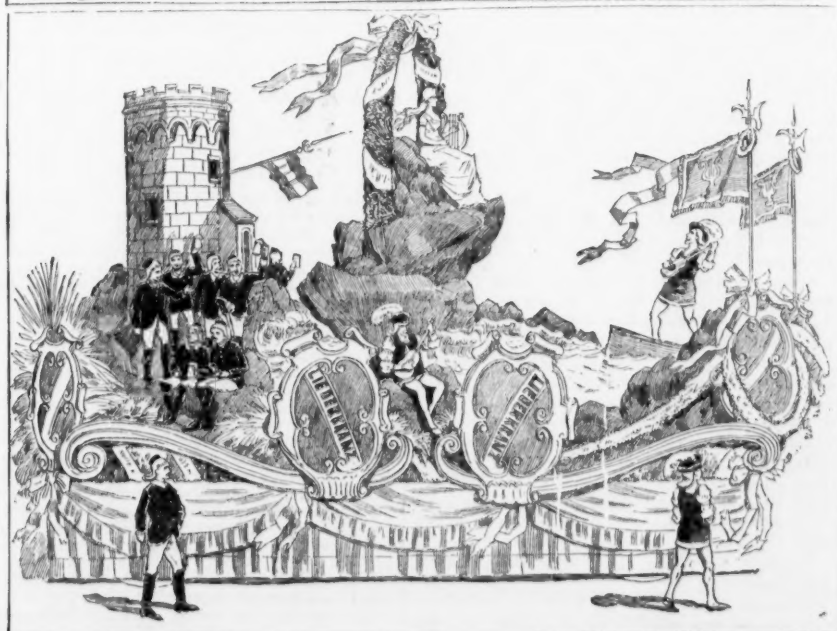
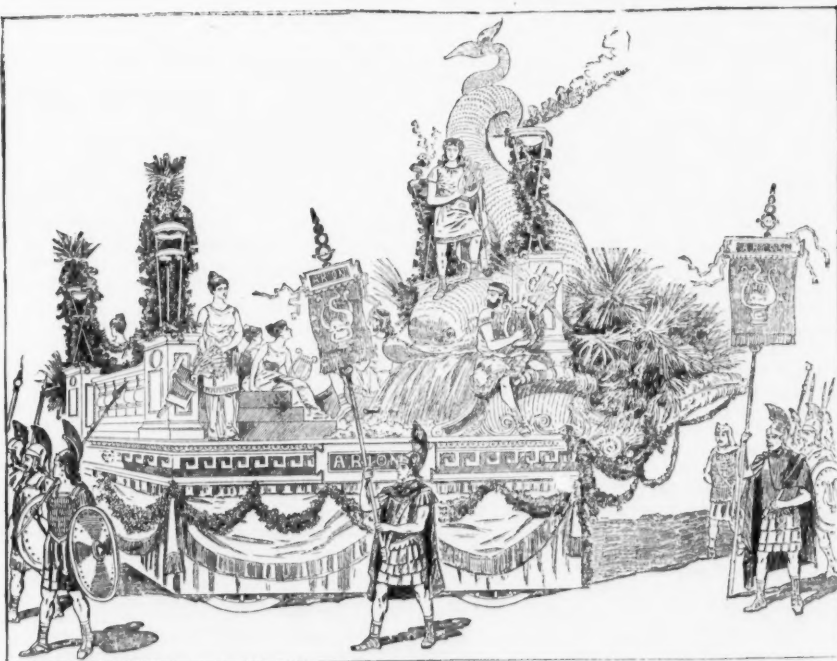
OLD LIBERTY HALL, ELIZABETH, RESIDENCE OF NEW JERSEY'S FIRST GOVERNOR.



HON. ROBERT S. GREEN, PRESENT GOVERNOR.



VIEW OF ELIZABETHPORT, WITH THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "DISPATCH" IN THE FOREGROUND.



1. THE ARION FLOAT. 2. THE OPERA FLOAT. 3. THE LIEDERKRANZ FLOAT. 4. "FAIRY TALES" FLOAT.  
THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—SOME OF THE TYPICAL FLOATS OF THE INDUSTRIAL PARADE.  
FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 202.



## INFIDELITY.

FREE from the gloom and the glitter;  
Free from the soul-stabbing pain;  
Out of the sweet and the bitter;  
Out of the tangle and litter  
Of thought to a rest of disdain.

Free from the crafty and cruel;  
Free from the stain and the sting;  
Life is no longer a duel;  
Set is the wonderful jewel  
Of thought in its serpentine ring.

Free from the gloom and the glitter;  
Free from the worry and wear;  
Out of the sweet and the bitter;  
Out of the tangle and litter  
Of doubt to a rest of despair.

I envy the whelp of the lion,  
Bound in the leash and the lair;  
Can I loosen the bands of Orion?  
Bound to the wheel of Ixion,  
Bound to the serpent—despair.

VIROE.

## AN UGLY FACE.

BY TOM P. MORGAN.

"An—an, you're so ugly, Jacks!" the girl added, with something like a little shudder. "I know it, Hannie, but—" Half frightened at the look of anguish that her words had brought to the man's ugly face, the girl turned and sped along the timber-path that led from the big spring.

The man covered his face with his hard hands and groaned. No one knew better than he just how unhandsome he was. As a boy, Jackson Hamlin had grown apathetically used to the sobriquet of "Ugly Jacks," and had so often sought some placid little "back-set" in the creek, and gazed at his reflection in it with a pitiful hope that he might be growing less deserving of the title, that every line and lineament of his ugly face was as familiar to his mental vision as if it was ever before his eyes. He had grown from an ugly child to an equally ugly man, grave and kindly, and differing greatly from the shiftless and "trifling" beings about him.

He wore the same fashionless garb as they, but he spoke little of the quaint dialect which they drawled. While they passed as much as possible of their time at anything but work, he cultivated his timber-farm. Or when, at night, the young men followed yelping curs on 'possum or 'coon hunts, or with their sisters and sweethearts disported themselves at the "hoe-down" dances, Jacks Hamlin bowed over the home-made table in his bachelor cabin, and, by the light of a spluttering tallow-dip, conned books that looked so bloatedly full of wisdom that the casual and illiterate visitor regarded them almost reverently.

No one knew their contents, not even old Jerry Pottle's daughter, one of the few persons in the neighborhood—the Egypt of South-western Missouri—who could read. They looked too dry and ponderous to arouse her interest. But she liked to hear him tell of the great world—the world beyond the forest—beyond the limits of the State, even—the outside world of which she had seen nothing and he very little, but of which he knew much from reading.

And she liked, too, to hear him recite poetry—poetry that she, with her scanty education, could scarcely understand. And, at such times, she would, for a little while, forget his ugly face, the surroundings, the rickety, shook-covered house where her father, old Jerry Pottle, calmly smoked and dozed in his back-titled chair on the porch, forget the apathetic, shiftless, out-of-the-way world in which she existed, and live for the moment in the bright, far-off world of which the poem told.

This bright-faced, ragged maiden had hopes—dreams that promised no shadow of fulfillment till Sharpley came. You and I would have considered this Sharpley a very indifferent personage—rowdyish as to appearance, deficient as to grammar, and inclined to slovenliness of attire. But to Han he was very interesting indeed. He had been almost everywhere—at least, he said so. He, too, could quote poetry—of a certain class. As a conversationalist he seemed almost a wonder to Han, for Sharpley's tongue was ready and his mind an inventive one, and the restrictions of truth bothered him little.

If Jacks Hamlin had dreamed dreams, he had said very little about them. But often at night, when he should have been studying those dry books, something would come between him and the printed page, and its text would go uncommitted, while he wove wreaths of happy fancies around the mental picture that kept him from studying—the bright, wild face of old Jerry Pottle's daughter. But he had said nothing of this to her, but had waited till—Then Sharpley came, from where no one knew, and for what no one could guess; and then Jacks was with her no more.

Jacks had made no complaint, but had kept closer to his farm during the days, and studied his dry books more fiercely at night. And Han scarcely missed him at all, for Sharpley was so often hovering about, and his conversation seemed always of things in which she was interested. And—well, it was so easy for Sharpley's agile tongue to promise anything, and listening, the girl almost forgot Jacks.

Few had known or cared when he disappeared for a few days, and then came back with one of the two great hopes of his life blossoming into realization.

"I'll tell it to her," he told himself. "Tell it to Hannie, and maybe—"

He met her in the shady path as she was returning with a bucket of water from the big spring,

and started to tell her the story in a hurried, blundering way, beginning at the wrong end of the narrative and blurring out a little of the other great hope that he had so long cherished. But the girl would scarcely listen to him.

"I must hurry on," she said. "Mr.—somebody will be waitin' fer me."

"Somebody—Sharpley!" Jacks Hamlin said, bitterly. "That sneaking hound, that—"

"He's jest as smart as you are!" the girl retorted, angrily. "Jest as smart, an' a heap nicer! He jest knows ever so much, an' is jest as nice-lookin' as he kin be, an'—an' you're so ugly!"

"I know it, Hannie, but—"

But she was speeding away down the path, spilling the water from the bucket at every step.

"Ugly?" the man groaned. "Don't I know just as well as anybody in the world how ugly I am? I—But it's that hound Sharpley that has changed her! She used to seem to like to have me around, and almost seemed to forget my ugly face. And I—Well, it's all over now! I dreamed; that was all! But if Sharpley—"

He did not finish the sentence, but strode along the wood-path in the direction that the girl had just taken. A moment later, as he rounded a bend in the path, he stopped suddenly. Before him, close to where the path left the timber at the edge of the clearing, two figures were standing, screened by a bush from the sight of old Jerry Pottle, drowsily smoking in his tilted chair on the porch of his shook-covered domicile.

"Sharpley!" Jacks muttered, hoarsely.

Sharpley's arm was around the girl as if he had sprung out from a handy hiding-place and caught her, and although the girl struggled as maidenly modesty dictated, she did not seem greatly displeased. And as Jacks looked, Sharpley, holding her fast with his superior strength, bent her head back and kissed her. Then the girl broke away and bounded toward the house with the now almost empty bucket, and Sharpley strode down the path, whistling airily, and as he went on the girl stopped and looked after him.

He passed so close to Jacks, who had stepped behind a tangled bush, that the latter could have struck him to the earth. But Sharpley, unconscious of the proximity of the ugly face, that, darkened with hatred, looked half demoniacal as it peered at him, went on whistling as he strolled along the wooded path and round the bend, and the half-raised hand dropped at Hamlin's side. He left his concealment as if to follow the other, but turned as there came a clatter of hoofs.

Before the girl had reached the house a small boy, mounted on a wheezy horse, dashed up to the rickety pole-fence and uttered a shrill whoop that aroused old Jerry Pottle so suddenly that he nearly fell out of his tilted chair. The old man hurried over to the fence, the boy imparted his message, and the steed dashed wheezingly away again, urged by the rain of kicks that the bare heels of his rider bestowed upon his rusty sides. As the girl reached the house, old Jerry emerged hurriedly, bearing a long brown rifle.

"Where are you goin', paw?" the girl asked.

"Hanner," said the old man, sternly, as he strode away, "shet yo'r mouth, an' don't you darst to stir offen the place twell to-mor'."

Some event of much moment must be at hand. "Hanner" was only used at such rare intervals that the girl's proper name had been almost forgotten. Her father, kind in his shiftless way, usually considered "Han" sufficiently comprehensive, and few called her anything else, except Jacks. It had been "Hannie" with him, and then with Sharpley. Just now the girl did not remember but two previous occasions upon which he had dignified her as "Hanner." One was when his wife, her mother, had died. The other was only last week, when the Riggs "boys" had been arrested, and carried away on a journey that, after some delays, ended at the penitentiary, the said "boys" having been captured by a United States marshal and his posse while engaged in manufacturing "moonshine" whisky at a cleverly concealed still-house.

So, all things considered, the girl felt sure that the news that little Sol Bender had brought on the wheezy horse had been of much moment. Han stood looking after her father, and wondering what was about to occur.

"Must be somethin' right important," she said. "Well, it won't keep me, spite o' his sayin', 'Don't you stir offen this place till to-mor'.' To-mor' I'll—I'm goin' to see it at last—the great, big, bright world beyond the timber!"

Old Jerry Pottle did not see Jacks Hamlin as he turned from the path and plunged into the timber. Now and then, as the homely man trudged toward his lonely home, he muttered, half aloud, in a dreary, despairing way. "It is all over, now!" he groaned. "Hannie—little Hannie!"

Night found Hamlin in his small house, bowed over his home-made table, seemingly savagely intent upon devouring the contents of one of the dry books. But the light of the spluttering candle could not dissipate the shadow that seemed obscuring the printed page—a shadow that, in spite of his determination, kept resolving itself into the face of a girl—a bright face framed in a tangle of wavy hair. He stared fiercely at the page before him, and passed his hand across his vision as if to brush away the shadow that, in spite of his effort to think of it no more, his thoughts would keep bringing up. And when, in angry despair, he turned away from the book, the face was before his vision still. "Hannie! Hannie!" he said, half aloud. "I—"

There came a patter of footsteps without in the darkness, and a little figure with frightened face and panting breath staggered in at the open door and sank into the first chair.

"Hannie!" cried the man, in astonishment.

"Oh, Jacks!" gasped the girl. "Save him! Save him! They are goin' to kill him, an'—"

It was evident that she was terribly frightened about something.

"They'll kill him—kill him!" she wailed. "An'—an' he was goin' to take me away from here an' show me all the great world, an' make a lady uv me—an' I'd never have to wear these ole ragged cloze no more. An'—an' now they're goin' to kill him! They drove me away when I tried to plead with them—my ole father shoved me away an' called him a spy. An' you'll save him! You can—you can! You know so much, an'—"

"Him? Who? Sharpley?"

"Yes. He was goin' to take me out into the big, bright world, an'—an' now they are goin' to kill him—"

"Was he going to make you his wife?" the man asked, sternly.

"Deed an' double he was, an'—"

"Come!" was all the man said.

They left the house and hurried away in the darkness, the man striding along at a terrific pace, seemingly unmindful of the snags and brambles that clutched him now and then, often tearing his clothes and scratching his flesh. The girl ran at his side, telling more of the story in a gasping, excited, half-incoherent way.

That night Sharpley was to have taken the girl away—away out into the great, bright world. But, while Sharpley was waiting at the trysting-place, they had come and dragged him away. And now, they were going to kill him, she moaned—kill him, an'—

A gleam of light filtered through the bushes ahead, and presently they were just without the circle of brightness cast by a fire that, blazing cheerily, revealed a weird, wild scene. The fire-light shone on the despairing face of a man bound to a sapling—Sharpley. It lit up the stern, determined countenances—familiar, all of them, to the couple beyond the circle of light—of men intent upon executing what they considered a just vengeance. The making of "moonshine" whisky, though nominated in the statutes of this great government as a heinous offense, was regarded by them with extremely lenient eyes, while the giving of information leading to the capture of such offenders was considered the chief atrocity in the catalogue of man's crimes against his fellow-man.

The girl would have rushed forward, but Hamlin held her back, almost savagely.

"Guilty, er not guilty?" old Jerry Pottle was asking of the group of stern-faced men about him.

"Guilty!"

"Sharpley," began old Jerry, gravely, "you've be'n foun' guilty, an'—"

"They'll kill him!" the girl gasped. "Save—save—"

The hand of the man beside her closed fiercely on her arm.

"Let them!" he whispered, hissing. "He came between—"

"But, he was goin' to take me 'way from here an' make a lady uv me!" the girl whispered, pleadingly.

"So will—But, I forgot—Ugly—ugly!"

"You've be'n foun' guilty," old Jerry was saying—"guilty uv givin' the information that sent the Riggs boys to prison—tore 'em away from their wives an' families, left the women to fill the hungry mouths uv their children as best they kin, an' sent 'em to a livin' death fer half uv their lives!"

The stern-faced men seemed to grasp their rifles more firmly.

"I reckon you know what punishment sech traitors as you git who sell men's lives for a little money. Robbed 'em uv half uv their lives on this yere yearth beca' they made a little co'n into juice, 'stead uv meal!"

"Yes; I know!" answered Sharpley. "You'll murder me!"

"It hain't murder to rid the yearth uv a sneakin' houn' uv a spy. It's—"

"But, I'm not guilty!" Sharpley interrupted, desperately. "Indeed, I did not give the information."

"Don't lie, Sharpley! The news that little Sol Bender got in town was straight. You gave the boys up, an'—"

"No—no! Not I!" cried Sharpley, in his desperation. "It was—"

"Who?" demanded old Jerry.

"Jacks Hamlin!" cried the wretched prisoner, as a last resort.

"You are a liar!" roared old Jerry. "Jacks Hamlin—"

"Is the guilty man!" uttered a steady voice.

A little squad of men who had crept noiselessly within hearing of the small group about the fire saw Hamlin stride resolutely into the light. He strode to where Sharpley was bound. A revolver was in his hand, and with it he waved back old Jerry and his little squad. Quickly drawing a knife, he severed Sharpley's bonds.

"There," he said, sternly, to the girl who had followed into the light, "I have saved him! Go—go with the man you love, and—may God bless you!"

Somehow, it almost seemed that, in the light of the great sacrifice he had made, Jacks Hamlin's unhandsome face looked less ugly. The girl never once looked at Sharpley, but kept her eyes fixed on Hamlin's face, pale, stern and ugly, and it somehow seemed to her just then the noblest face in the world.

"Come, Hannie!" Sharpley said, eagerly, bestowing scarce a thought upon the man who had saved his life at the cost of the greatest sacrifice that a man can make. "Come, I'll take you out into the great world you wanted to see, and—"

"Go!" Hamlin said. "Go with the man you love, while you can! I—"

"But, I don't love him!" cried the girl. "I love you!"

"Hannie!"

Then she was sobbing on his breast, and the ugly face was bent to her wild hair, and Hamlin forgot Sharpley, forgot the desperate men he had dared; and they, slow-witted always, had stood

open-mouthed and motionless during the exciting moments that followed his appearance.

Then, Sharpley turned to flee. The next instant he was confronted by a little squad of men who appeared as suddenly as if they had risen from the earth.

"Stop!" the leader cried, as old Jerry's party closed their gaping mouths and raised their brown rifles.

"Who air you?" demanded Pottle.

"I'll tell you who!" cried Sharpley, interruptingly. "They are United States Marshal Keenan and his posse! And, now that I have such backing—"

"Our only business is with Sharpley," the marshal said, sternly. "We have listened long enough to gather the gist of the story. In his capacity of spy, Sharpley did good work in delivering the Riggs boys to justice. The man who just saved his life had not the most remote connection with the matter."

It seemed that Sharpley had remained in the neighborhood on the plea that he was on the scent of another illicit distillery. Fearing that he would be recalled before he could accomplish his purpose, he sent in reports that led the marshal to believe that there was an important capture all ready to be made. Hence the night-expedition.

"Now, I have only to say," added the marshal, "that if there is a still in this neighborhood, that is a matter to be attended to at some other time. Young woman," he said, addressing Hannie, "your last choice was a wise one. Sharpley, the contemptible hound, is a married man, as I happen to know. The man whose arm is around you I never saw before, but he is a hero, and—Stop there, Sharpley!"

The spy had exhibited a desire to escape.

"We will take him away with us," added the marshal. "And I shall take pleasure, not only in discharging him, but in kicking him soundly as well."

After they were gone, old Jerry's little squad stood motionless in their tracks, their slow wits almost refusing to grasp the situation.

"Wal," drawled old Jerry, "I'll jest be bodasiously switched!"

"Me, too!" agreed each of his comrades, as they turned to go.

Hannie and Jacks were the last of the procession that made its slow way through the dark timber, and the man's arm was around the girl's waist.

"But, I am afraid—won't you ever regret this, little woman?" Jacks whispered.

"Nope!" said the girl, positively. "'Cause, you see, I love you too well!"

"But, I'm—I'm so ugly!"

"No, you hain't!" denied the girl, stoutly.

"You hain't, an' you ort to be ashamed o' yourself to say so. An' you're so smart, an' good, too, an'—I never knowed my own heart till I saw you offer to give up your life fer that—that houn'!"

"But, he promised to take you out into the great world, and—"

"Blame the great world! I don't want it! I jest want you!"

There followed a peculiar sound, that reached the ears of old Jerry Pottle.

"Wal, I'll jest be bodasiously switched if I wa'n't that riled up by circumstances, so to speak, that I plumb fergot a important matter till that thar kissin' minded me uv it. Jacks, you kin have her; you're white. An', wal, if thar's anything on my place that you want to borry, it's your'n long's you want it."

A little later, Jacks told Hannie the good news that he had intended to tell her when he had met her in the path returning from the spring.

"You see, I've been putting in my spare time for years studying medicine, and the other day I went to the city, and a well-known physician put me through a short examination. He said that theoretically I was well advanced, and that after acquiring the practical part of the science of medicine by a course under some experienced physician I would be well qualified to start to make a name for myself in my chosen profession. And I have hopes of succeeding so well that, sometime, Hannie, you can see all of the great, bright world that you have so longed to see. You know that a homely doctor can succeed as well as a—"

Then, she stopped his mouth with her hand.

1789—1889.

## THE WASHINGTON INAUGURATION CENTENARY.

HISTORIC SCENES, AND THE THREE DAYS' COMMEMORATIVE CELEBRATION.

DEAR to the hearts of the American people are their "centennials." A whole cycle of these patriotic festivals, within the past fifteen years, have fittingly commemorated the pivotal events of our nation's birth, from Lexington and Concord to the evacuation of New York city by the British, '76, with the great World's Fair at Philadelphia, commemorating the Declaration of Independence, was, in a national sense, the centennial year. The mighty celebration now centering in New York city, in honor of the hundredth anniversary of General George Washington's triumphal progress to and entrance into the then newly created Federal capital, to be inaugurated as the first President of the United States, far surpasses anything of the kind that has taken place, or is likely to take place, here or elsewhere. It is the last and crowning event of our centennial cycle, and the metropolis is determined to make the most of the grand opportunity. Probably two millions of dollars will have been spent for the parades, decorations, arches, stands, ball, banquets, entertainments, shows and festivities of various kinds related to this unprecedented jubilee.

The mammoth programme, arranged after many weeks of labor by the Executive Committee, and approved by President Harrison, Governor Hill and Mayor Grant, will have reached the climax of its performance as this number of FRANK LESLIE'S



ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is issued. Its first official feature was the opening of the loan exhibition of historical portraits and relics at the Metropolitan Opera-house, on the 17th inst., as duly chronicled and illustrated last week. Monday, April 29th, crowded from dawn to midnight with events and shows, sees the celebration in its full glory. President Harrison and his Cabinet, arriving by the historic route traversed by Washington a hundred years ago, are escorted from Elizabethport, N. J., to New York, in the United States steamer *Dispatch*, by the imposing naval procession commanded by Admiral David D. Porter, U.S.N., and landed in the shipmasters' barge at Pier 16, East River, at the foot of Wall Street, the "Murray's Wharf" of 1789.

We must not forget, in passing, the historic scenes of Elizabeth Town, to which some of the illustrations on page 201 relate. Here the stanch Governor Livingston welcomed Washington, as Governor Green, worthily representing the patriotic spirit of the past, welcomes Harrison today. Foremost among the many Revolutionary relics of the place is old Liberty Hall, the home of Livingston, New Jersey's first Governor after her colonial dependence had been shaken off. This old house on the Springfield Turnpike (now Morris Avenue) was built by Governor Livingston in 1772, and the years of his residence there were marked with numerous incidents of historical interest, adventure and romance. Elizabeth has decorated her houses and streets, and is likewise celebrating a centennial of her own on no small scale.

The spectacle presented by the City of New York, as President Harrison makes his entry, is most brilliant and inspiring. For once the Empire City has completely doffed her commercial aspect, to appear in a patriotic holiday garb, vying with Nature's own spring-time loveliness and bloom. The fronts of all public and private buildings on the principal streets are covered with bright bunting and evergreens, plentifully interspersed with inscriptions and portraits of Washington in every conceivable style. The stars and stripes are flying from every pole and pinnacle, from all the masts and rigging of the shipping in the harbor. A magnificent triumphal arch spans Fifth Avenue at Washington Square, and a second one Broadway at Twenty-third Street (Madison Square). The arch at Washington Square, designed by Stanford White, and erected by the residents of the old-fashioned aristocratic neighborhood which it adorns, deserves special mention as the most elaborate and classic structure of the kind in town. It is built entirely of wood, painted ivory white, ornamented with a frieze of garlands and wreaths of laurel in *papier mâché*, with an American eagle on either key-stone, and crowned with a painted wooden statue of Washington ten feet high, said to have been originally erected on the Battery in 1792. The dimensions of the arch are: entire width, 51 feet; entire height, including the statue, 71 feet. At night it is illuminated by electricity, with strikingly beautiful and impressive effect. The Sub-treasury building, on Wall Street, occupying the site of the old Federal Hall, where Washington was inaugurated, and where his statue now stands, is the point where the historical commemorative observances centre, and has been superbly decorated. A huge flag floats from a staff at the peak of the roof, the guy-ropes of which are hung with international-code flags spelling the motto: "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." The pediment is decorated with a golden eagle surrounded with a drape of flags. Beneath this appear, in a row, the coats-of-arms of the thirteen original States, with the gold escutcheon of New York in the centre. From this hangs a huge golden pendant, with the date 1789. The eight columns bear large United States shields. The platform is draped with blue, across which forty-two alternate stripes of red and white stretch to the street. Each of these stripes bears the golden coat-of-arms of a State. President Harrison, at the exercises on Tuesday, stands beside the statue of Washington, directly over the coat-of-arms of Indiana, with that of New York to his right and of Virginia to his left.

Old Trinity, at the head of Wall Street, has her colors out, as in war-time. The tomb of Hamilton and of Lawrence, and the monument to the prison-ship martyrs, are handsomely decorated. The City-hall, the scene of the charming welcome to President Harrison by the school-girls, is another spectacular point of interest; and here, as at Wall Street, at Washington Square, at Union Square, at Madison Square, and at innumerable points along the route of the grand military and civil parades of Tuesday and Wednesday, immense stands have been erected for the accommodation of the paying public. It looks as though there were seats for millions of people, and yet all the streets are packed with dense multitudes.

The much-talked-of Centennial Ball, of course, makes a red-letter night of Monday, the 29th. The splendor of the Metropolitan Opera-house, where it takes place, has been augmented by the expenditure of \$20,000 for decorations. The President is accompanied hither by the Governor of the State of New York and Mrs. Harrison, the Vice-president and Mrs. Morton, the Lieutenant-governor and Mrs. Jones.

Tuesday, the 30th, is Inauguration Day proper. There will be a special thanksgiving service in the morning at St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway, where the President will occupy Washington's pew. At 10 A.M. begin the notable literary exercises at the Sub-treasury building, consisting of an invocation by Rev. Dr. Richard S. Storrs, a poem by John Greenleaf Whittier, an oration by Chauncey Mitchell Dewey, an address by the President of the United States, and the benediction by Archbishop Corrigan of New York. Then comes the great military parade, marshaled by Major-general John M. Schofield, U.S.A., the route of which is up Broadway from Wall Street to Waverley Place, thence to Fifth Avenue, and so on to Fifty-seventh Street (Central Park). The events of the evening are: The Centennial Banquet, at the Metropolitan Opera-house; the open-air concert, under the auspices of the German-Americans, at Madison Square; and the grand displays of fire-works, at the Battery, Tompkins Square, Canal Street Park, Washington Square, Union Square, Fifty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue, Mount Morris Park, East River Park (Eightieth Street), Washington Heights, and other points.

The industrial and civic parade, on Wednesday, commanded by General Butterfield, and following the route of Tuesday's parade, reversed, will be the final feature of the three-days celebration, constituting the most brilliant, enthusiastic and successful commemorative festival that New York has ever seen.

The Edison General Electric Company, with a capital of \$12,000,000, has been incorporated at New York.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

SIR CHARLES RUSSELL.

WE reproduce from the *Illustrated London News* a portrait of Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Parnell's counsel in the Commission trial. His notable three days' speech, at the opening of the case for the defense, in the first week of April, was acknowledged on all sides as one of the most masterly efforts of modern times, and may be said to contain a complete summary of Irish history as seen from the Nationalist stand-point.

### EAST AFRICAN FUGITIVES.

An East African picture, from a German source, shows a picturesque encampment of fugitive blacks among the palms near the mission station at Bagamoyo. They are refugees who have fled from the slave-dealers of the interior.

### GENERAL BOULANGER AT BRUSSELS.

The movements of General Boulanger, since he transferred his head-quarters across the Belgian frontier, seem to be watched with as much interest as ever; and his enemies at Paris are doing their utmost to keep up the excitement. A picture is given of the general's apartments in the Hotel Mengelle, Rue Royale, Brussels, which he quitted last week for England.

### THE REGENCY OF THE NETHERLANDS.

In anticipation of the approaching death of William III., King of the Netherlands, whose sinking vitality left no doubt of a fatal result, the Congress of the States-general, on April 3d, by its powers under the Dutch Constitution, solemnly decreed him to be incapable of reigning. He will be succeeded by his only child, the Princess Royal, Wilhelmina Helena Pauline Marie, who was born at the Hague on August 31st, 1880, and whose mother, Queen Emma Adelaide Wilhelmina Theresia, the King's second wife, is likely to be created Regent, by the States-general, during the minority of the infant Queen. Meanwhile, the Luxemburg Chamber of Deputies, on April 8th, resolved to accept the Duke of Nassau as Regent until the death of King William of Holland. The Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, in accordance with the Treaty of 1867 and the Constitution of 1868, will now be separated from the dominions of the Crown of Holland, and passes to another branch of the House of Nassau, in the person of Duke Adolph William Charles Augustus Frederick, born July 24th, 1817, son of Duke William of Nassau, and his successor as Duke of Nassau in 1839, also bearing the old feudal title of Count Palatine of the Rhine. He is married to a daughter of Frederick, Prince of Anhalt, and has a son, born in 1852, and a daughter who married the hereditary Grand Duke of Baden. Luxemburg is a small State, with a German population of a quarter of a million, on the border of Lorraine.

### THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

The recent disaster by the collision of two steamboats between Dover and Ostend, causing much loss of life, occurred between the Belgian mail-steamer the *Comtesse de Flandre* and the *Princesse Henriette*, off Dunkirk, in the middle of the day, but during a dense fog. The *Princesse Henriette* struck the *Comtesse de Flandre* obliquely on the starboard side, immediately behind the paddle-box, and cut right into her middle. With the inrush of water the boilers exploded, and completed the catastrophe. The fore part of the vessel, with its heavy engines, went to the bottom at once, but the aft part floated. The captain was never seen again. The chief officer, and all the men in the lower decks, together with a number of passengers, perished. The *Comtesse de Flandre* carried four small boats; one of these was lowered, and, together with those launched from the *Princesse Henriette*, succeeded in rescuing the unfortunate people who had leaped or had been forced into the water. Prince Jérôme Bonaparte and his aid-de-camp, an old naval officer, were the last to leave the wreck. The prince's valet died of exhaustion, after being taken out of the water.

### A CENTRAL AMERICAN UNION.

The Washington correspondent of the *Chicago News* calls attention to the Congress recently held by the five Central American States for the purpose of laying a foundation for a reunion and a confederacy such as existed after the separation from Spain. The convention met at the City of San José, Costa Rica, last November, the Governments of Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua and Salvador being represented by Ministers Plenipotentiary with full powers. After a long discussion, on February 16th they signed a treaty of peace, friendship and commerce, which is the first step toward such a reunion. The first article provides that there shall be perpetual peace between the five republics, and if any difficulties should occur, a settlement shall be sought by reference to an arbitrator, who shall be selected from among the governments of the following nations: The Argentine Republic, Chili, France, Germany, United States, Great Britain, Mexico, Spain, and Switzerland, and each nation agrees to abide by the decision of the arbitrator. A code of international law is established to govern the respective nations in their intercourse, and it is provided that none of the contracting republics shall have the right to form alliances, offensive or defensive, outside of the republics of Central America, without the consent of the others. It is provided, too, that delegates from the five nations shall meet annually upon the anniversary of independence for the purpose of considering matters of common interest.

### THE GREAT AFRICAN FOREST.

The great forest through which Stanley recently passed, which he estimated to cover 246,000 square miles, is only a small part of the great African forest which extends almost unbrokenly from the west coast in the Gaboon and Ogowe regions, with a width of several hundred miles, to the great lakes. This belt of timber, trending away to the heart of the continent in a direction a little south of east, is, perhaps, the greatest forest region in the world. A part of it strikes south of the Congo at the great northern bend of that river, and the country embraced within the big curve is covered with a compact forest, the towering and wide-spreading trees shutting out a large part of the sunlight.

In these forests, completely shut out from the rest of the world, live hundreds of thousands of people who are almost unknown to the tribes living in the savanna regions outside. Scattered through the big woods within the Congo bend are little communities of Batwa dwarfs, of whose existence the traveler has no inkling until he suddenly

comes upon them. Here also, along the Sankuru River, are the three habitations described by Dr. Wolf, where the natives live in huts built among the branches, to escape the river floods. It was in great clearings made in these forests that Kund and Tappenbeck discovered some of the most notable villages yet found in Africa, where well-built huts, with gable roofs, line both sides of a neatly kept street that stretches away for eight or nine miles. These villages are even more interesting than the street-towns in the more sparsely timbered regions south of them, which were regarded as very wonderful when they were first discovered by Wissmann. It was his account of these villages that led Bishop Taylor to choose this part of Africa as the goal he wished to reach.

Last year the Commercial Company, which is investigating the trade resources of the Congo, sent its steamer, the *Roi des Belges*, up the Ikaita River into this great timber-land, and the explorers described the country along the banks as "covered with an almost impenetrable virgin forest. It is a veritable ocean of verdure, from which emerges here and there a wooded mountain." Greenfell penetrated the forest for long distances on several southern tributaries of the Congo, and on the upper courses of these rivers he sometimes found the wide-spreading branches forming a complete roof above the stream.

### A MARKET-PLACE IN INDIA.

A LETTER from Darjeering, India, to the *Glasgow Mail*, describes the market-place of that town as follows: "The noise of the bazaar at noon can be heard for a mile. The old proverb, 'It takes two to make a bargain,' has no honor here; it never takes less than twenty, and all feel bound to shout, push, struggle and gesticulate. The crowd numbers many thousands, and these jolly hill-men appear to be the most good-natured people in the world, rivaling in that respect even the Japanese. Every man carries a knife that would disembowel an elephant, but no one quarrels. Every woman is loaded with silver and gold jewelry, but no one is ever robbed.

"Here, along a sunny wall, are twenty or thirty barbers busily engaged in cutting and trimming the unkempt locks of the men, mostly Thibetan traders who have tramped across the mountains, the hair lying in heaps in front of them, horribly suggestive of gregarines and other small game. Round the corner we come upon a lot of Bhoota women, with great crooks full of snow-white curds, the favorite dainty of the place, which they serve out to their customers in square vessels ingeniously twisted out of plantain-leaves. Near them are some Lepcha lads playing shuttlecock with the soles of their feet, which they turn upward in the most nimble fashion. Then we come upon some stalls for tea which is boiled up with molasses, a grewsome compound; and now we come upon an open market, jostled as we go by a huge giant, a Buddhist 'lama,' who, followed by an acolyte as dirty as himself, bellows aloud for alms.

"All over the market are traders, squatted on the ground in front of their wares, the most heterogeneous assortment of goods imaginable: goats, pigs, poultry, tea, tobacco, beads from Venice, grain of all sorts, sweetmeats, cards, the bloodiest meat I ever saw—killed at the back, as required, and brought in dripping—piles of cotton and wool goods, yaks' tails, brass Buddhas, ironmongery, pottery, old bottles, tinned meats, tape, cotton, needles, wooden spoons, oil, umbrellas and feeding-bottles, all blend in one great labyrinth of yelling confusion."

### THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

HYPNOTISM is taking such an important part in public affairs abroad lately that it is rather startling. It has been used in the place of chloroform for some time in surgical operations at Paris, and when, in a recent murder case there, it was charged that the murderer had hypnotized the victim and forced her to kill herself, public opinion accepted the possibility of the fact in a way quite remarkable.

PROFESSOR ANGELL, of Michigan University, furnishes the following as a fair test of the purity of water for drinking: "Dissolve about half a teaspoonful of the purest white sugar in a pint-bottle completely full of the water to be tested, and tightly corked; expose it to daylight and a temperature up to 70° Fahrenheit. After a day or two examine, holding the bottle against something black, for whitish floating specks, which will betray the presence of organic matter in considerable proportion."

A SWEDISH inventor has applied the alternating electric current to a commercial problem so successfully, that its use bids fair to revolutionize the tanning industry both in this country and abroad. The process has been in successful operation in Sweden for eighteen months, and an experimental plant has been established here to demonstrate its value, as the owners of the patents in this country are determined to verify all claimed for the process before its actual introduction here. Patents are held in seventeen different countries. By the process it is claimed that sole leather can be tanned in 800 hours by the application of an alternating current for one-eighth of the time, the old methods requiring six months.

ACCORDING to the *Progressive Age*, a French electrician, M. G. A. Tabourin, has invented a novel and practical method of lighting the streets which will do away with underground mains and permit the rapid extension of electric lights in the City of Paris without interfering with the gas companies. In this most wondrous proposal each gas-lamp is to be furnished at its base with a small rotary gas-engine ten inches in diameter, with a small dynamo, and these small installations are to supply lamps on the top of the lamp-posts, thus burning gas at the bottom and producing electric light at the top of each post. The inventor offers to run at his own cost, for several days, opposite the Théâtre Français, one of these electric lights on his new system.

### DEATH-ROLL OF THE WEEK.

APRIL 19TH.—In Newton, Mass., Rev. Dr. Bradford Pierce, aged 77 years; in Brooklyn, N. Y., Excise Commissioner John Cunningham, aged 58 years. APRIL 20TH.—In New York, Postmaster Henry G. Pearson, aged 44 years; in New York, Alexander Henriques, Vice-chairman of the Stock Exchange, aged 70 years. APRIL 21ST.—In New York, Don Sebastian Lerdo de Tejada, ex-President of Mexico, aged 64 years. APRIL 23D.—In New York, Civil Justice Michael J. Norton, aged 50 years; in New York, Philatus F. Dorlon, founder of the well-known Dorlon oyster establishment, aged 63 years.

### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE majority against the Prohibition Amendment in Massachusetts is 44,499.

YELLOW fever has appeared at Sanford, Fla., but there are no fears of an epidemic.

THE farmers of Minnesota are threatened with another pestilence of grasshoppers. Measures to suppress the pest will be instituted at once.

It is stated that more than \$1,000,000 worth of seals have been captured by the hunters on the Newfoundland coast during the last seven weeks.

AN expedition for the exploration of Central America, headed by Mr. J. Miller, of the Evansville (Ind.) *Tribune*, has just started for its destination.

THE efforts of the Fish Commission to propagate shad in the Colorado River have been successful, and the Indians of Arizona are getting their first taste of that fish.

THE mammoth hotel at Rockaway Beach, which was erected at a cost of a million dollars, was sold in New York last week for \$29,000 to a dealer in second-hand building-materials.

THE Dominion House of Commons has passed the Extradition Bill, which provides for the surrender of American "buddlers" who seek a refuge in Canada from the penalties due their offenses.

THERE is no break in the South's industrial progress. Last year she made 200,000 more tons of pig iron than she did in 1887. This is a solid indication of the genuineness of her prosperity.

GOVERNOR COOPER of Colorado issued a call for a congress of prominent Western men to meet in Denver this Summer to formulate a plan to secure the West benefits from the river and harbor appropriations.

THE Dublin suit of Mr. Parnell against the *London Times* for libel has been expunged from the list of cases awaiting trial before the Exchequer Division, as Mr. Parnell desires the decision to be with an English jury.

THE liquidator of the Panama Canal Company has made an unsuccessful attempt to borrow \$3,000,000 in London for the expenses of a survey and the maintenance of the canal-works. His failure implies that within a few weeks the machinery along the canal will be abandoned to rust and ruin.

MICHIGAN has finally adopted a High-license Bill of considerable strictness, which goes into effect on the 1st of May. Retailers are to pay \$600 a year; wholesale liquor dealers, \$800; wholesale beer and wine dealers, \$500; distillers, \$1,000; and brewers, \$250. Thus the drink is taxed from the moment of production to that of consumption.

NEW HAMPSHIRE seems to be the champion divorce State of the Union. Official statistics show that from 1832 to 1887, inclusive, 1,900 divorces were decreed. In 1883 there was 1 divorce to every 12.8 marriages; in 1884, 1 to 10.4; in 1885, 1 to 10.9; in 1886, 1 to 8.3; and in 1887, 1 to 10.7. This is a larger divorce rate than is reported of any other State.

UNDER a decision of the License Court, the City of Pittsburgh, Pa., is swept almost clear of saloons, only 93 retail licenses being granted, against 214 in 1888, and over 1,500 in 1887. In Allegheny City only 39 retailers were granted licenses, against 78 in 1888 and 500 in 1887. In the County (Allegheny) only 188 saloons were granted a license, against 500 in 1887, under low license.

CALIFORNIA has abolished the exclusion of women from voting for school trustees. California has 158,360 square miles and 1,350,000 people (official estimate). The "woman suffrage belt" is enlarged to 2,788,000 square miles, and now includes the whole Pacific coast from Mexico to Alaska. Twenty-five out of forty-five States and Territories have now enacted some form of woman suffrage.

THE Sugar Trust pays ten per cent. dividends on its capital of \$50,000,000, of which \$32,000,000 is water. In other words, it pays nearly thirty per cent. on its real investment, and the recent advances will probably enable it to pay more. The statesman who will find some method of breaking up these nefarious combinations will receive the grateful commendation of consumers everywhere.

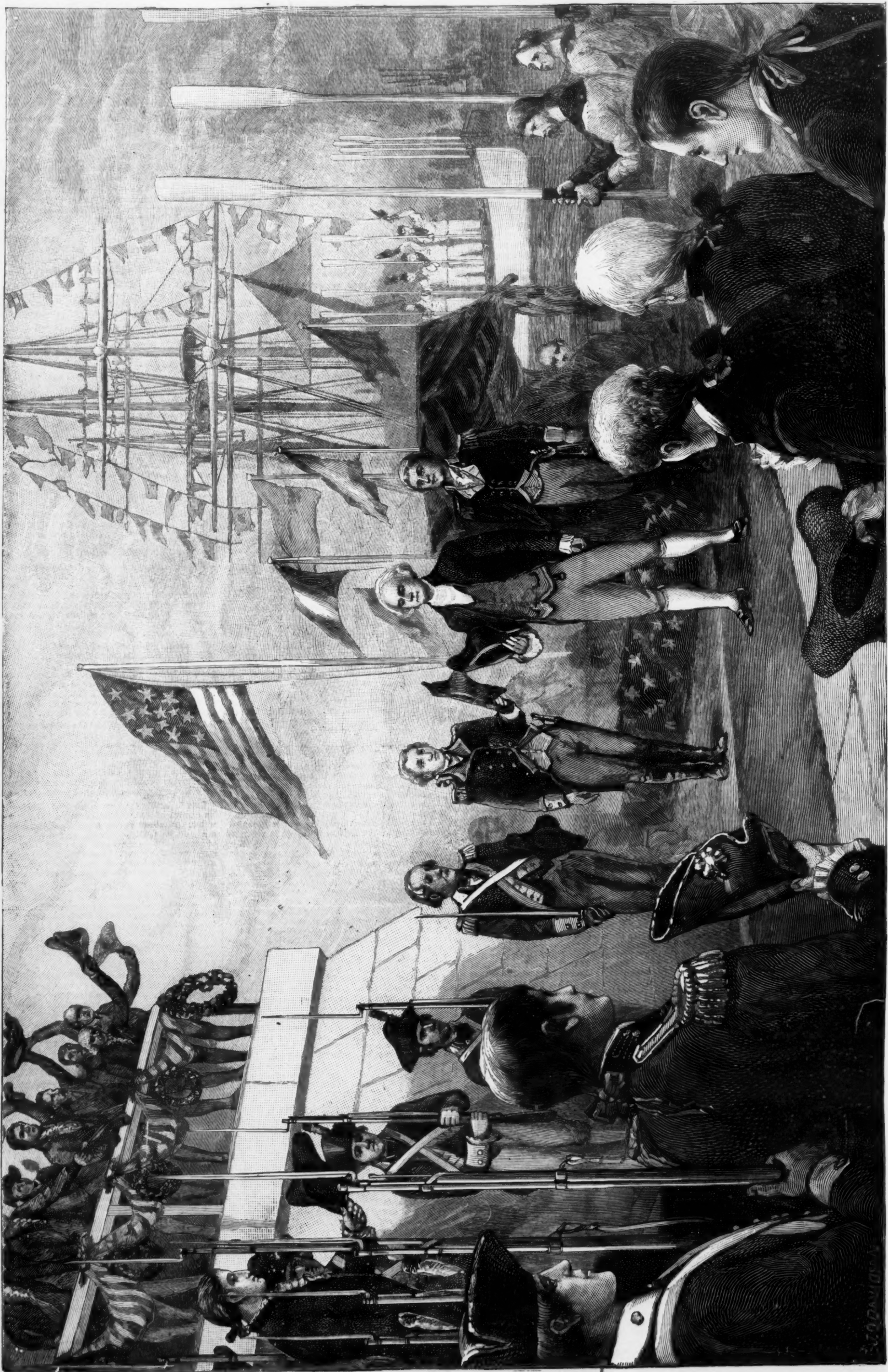
It is officially stated that the importance of the socialistic demonstrations in different parts of Germany has been greatly exaggerated. The Government press says that it has been thought best to allow such people more latitude in speech and print than has been given to them of late, believing that the agitators will cease to be a serious menace when the complaint of persecution can no longer be insisted upon.

THE representatives of Korea in this country are impressed with the idea that whatever the Americans do is all right. Since they have seen several funeral services, they have manifested a great deal of concern about what should be done in case of the death of the Queen-dowager, who is eighty years of age and likely to die soon. They think that her death should be followed by appropriate services, and they have expressed regret that there is no church in which something like the American funeral services can be held.

PRESIDENT HARRISON receives many petitions for office based on alleged claims upon his grandfather. The other day an Illinoisian called at the White House, and in enumerating the reasons for his appointment to the place he was seeking, he said that he was named after the President's grandfather. "That may be a very good claim," said the President, jocosely, "but I have a still better one that comes from the South. I received a letter a few days ago from a person who said that my grandfather knew his grandfather, and had promised to help him. He thought, therefore, that I ought to consider the agreement as devolving upon me, and accordingly asked for an office."

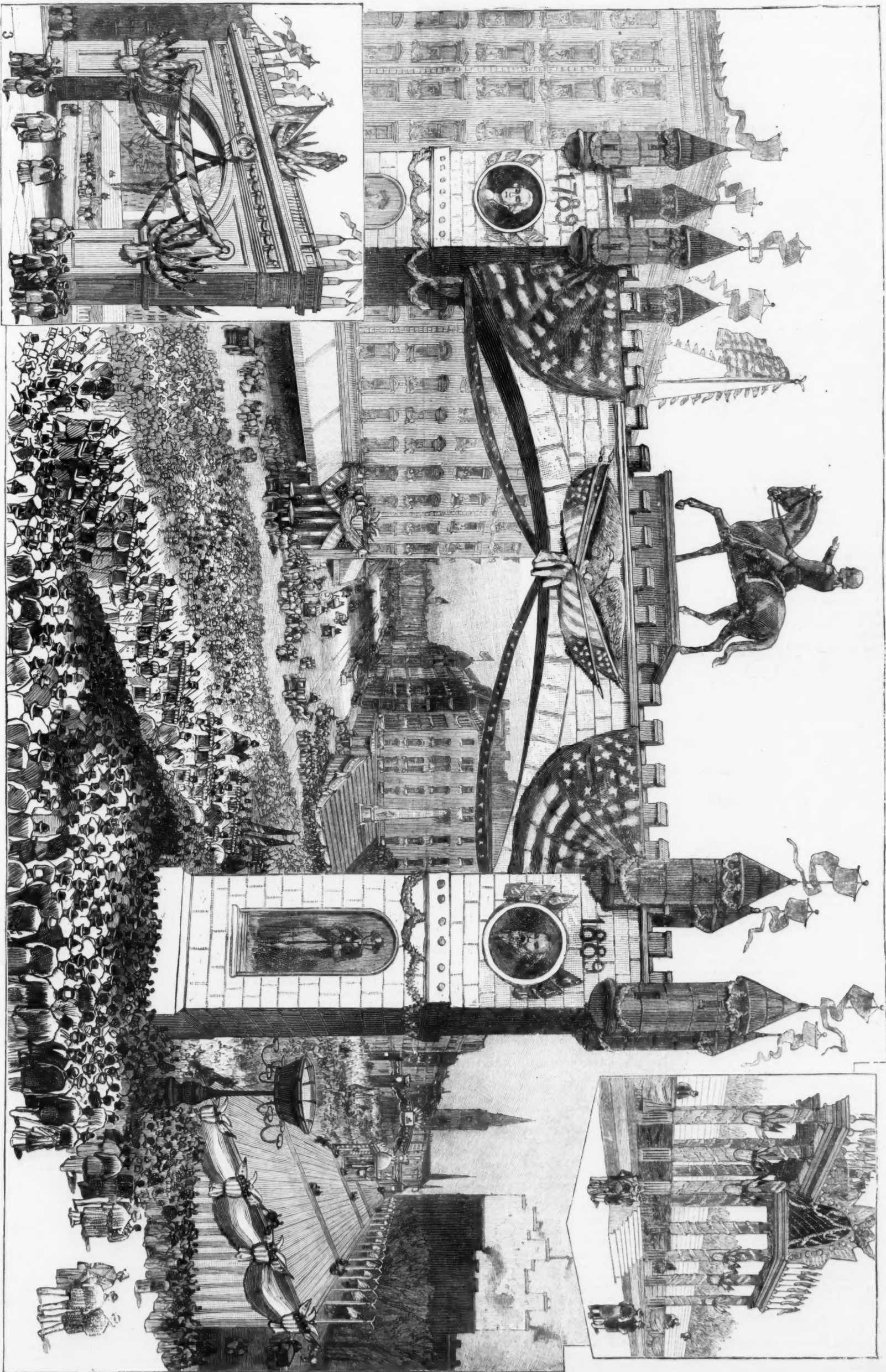
In a letter to a citizen of Buffalo, acknowledging American sympathy with the cause of Home Rule, Mr. Gladstone says: "I rejoice to be put in possession of such declarations at a moment when your great country is about to celebrate, on the 30th inst., the centennial anniversary of the Inauguration of George Washington as the first President of the American Commonwealth. I have been requested from Chicago and elsewhere to intimate an assurance of my participation in your national joy. It is a real and grateful participation; for the statesmen of the American Revolution have taken their place once for all among the greatest political instructors of the world. George Washington was their acknowledged and illustrious head, and to him and them I have long felt that I owed no trivial part of my own public education. Long, without limit of length, may that Union flourish, under the blessing and favor of God, with the foundation of which their names are inseparably associated."





THE CENTENNIAL OF THE INAUGURATION OF GEORGE WASHINGTON AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—WASHINGTON LANDING AT THE FOOT OF WALL STREET, APRIL 23d, 1789.  
DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—SEE PAGE 202.





ARCH ON FIFTH AVENUE AND WASHINGTON SQUARE.

THE GRAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.—ARCH AT TWENTY-THIRD STREET AND BROADWAY—ARRIVAL OF VISITING MILITARY.

FROM SKETCHES BY A STAFF ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 202.

THE PRESIDENT'S STAND AT MADISON SQUARE.



## For Dayber's Echo:

THE  
ROMANCE OF A MAD RACE.BY  
CLARENCE MILES BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE MAN OUTSIDE," "HIS MISSING YEARS," "OF  
TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

ARNOLD ANSON was already half-way down the hill, keeping the path in a way that would have been natural and commonplace enough in the case of any of the lower animals, gifted only with instinct, but which was simply marvelous in a man.

And then suddenly, that reasonless and unreasonable belief that he was not alone—a belief you may sometimes have found in your own mind when suddenly awaking from deep sleep—came upon him. Not alone, in this empty night? Not alone, in this land of graves—this domain which may be one field of sodden graves to the utmost limits of the universe for all the contradiction which sight or other sense can give him standing here? Not alone? What—then—

No; he is not alone! There is something moving yonder, close to where they buried the Lionel whose will had made the hopes of such as Anson possible.

Something moving! "Alive—alive—or dead?" whispers Anson to himself; "man—or—or—something that was a man once?"

The something moves away swiftly, down the narrow way between the rows of graves.

Anson follows. He is in a mood to follow—anything—anywhere—to-night, though the cold sweat has started out in huge drops upon his forehead.

He follows. He gains. But that which he follows increases its speed, and Anson wonders if he will overtake the shadowy something he pursues, or whether he shall lose it altogether?

The figure falls. Do ghosts trip over graves?

The figure is up again—up and away. But Anson almost had it. He almost got his hand on its shoulder, just before it fairly got the use of its legs again. He was near enough to determine the general make-up of the thing which shares this dismal night with him. His investigation is rather reassuring.

Ghosts do not usually wear water-proof capes and slouch hats, do they?

The two came down to the level beach, close to the sea. The beach was narrow, at any time. To-night, it was even narrower than usual, because of the night and the storm. Close at hand, on this narrow strip of sand, the great waves beat and thundered.

And here—the figure Anson had been following turned—turned and faced him.

"Are—are you man or devil?" it demanded. The voice was that of William Flintacre!

"I think you may take your choice, my friend," replied Anson, as he rapidly advanced and stood by the man's side, and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Why are you here?" demanded Flintacre. "Have you followed me here? Or is this meeting an accident?"

"I guess this meeting is accidental," responded Anson, "though I learned, in the afternoon, that you were in the vicinity. I have followed you—searched for you—and missed you."

"Exactly. And now you have found me. You have found me, because I have no longer any reason for hiding."

"What—do—you—mean?"

"That I've found out I am no longer in your power."

"I don't understand you."

"That I've learned that the crime you have used as a menace to keep me from doing those things which my better and wiser nature prompted me to do was never committed at all."

"Ah? How?"

"The man I was supposed to have killed has told me all about the matter—with his own lips."

"Indeed? Then I suppose it will be necessary for me to admit that you've found out something really valuable. I had a similar conversation with the same man—long ago."

"Yes; he told me you did."

"Did he? He was remarkably frank and communicative, wasn't he? And so you are free?"

"Of course I am free. What more has the law to—"

"Say, my friend," interrupted Anson, "where did you say you met this man?"

"I didn't say."

"Where was it?"

"I'm not going to say."

"Indeed? Suppose I let the law once get you in its power—"

"Then I will say. I trust and respect the law. I neither trust nor respect you."

"No? Thank you for the compliment. You show your good judgment. You distinguish between me and the law, do you? You do well. You are free from the law; it has no more demands to make of you. But you are not free from me. I am far from being done with you yet."

"You? What can you do?"

"It would be wiser to ask what I cannot do. I will tell you, in a little while, what I must demand that you do. But first—why are you here? Are you fool enough to think that you have any chance of winning Maude Dayber? Why have you come to Dayber's Echo?"

"I don't know; frankly and honestly, I don't know. I have asked myself the question a score of times, and I cannot answer it. I came out here, to-night, to think it all out. I shall know before morning."

"You still insist that you love Maude Dayber?"

"Yes, Dr. Anson, I do. And now, hopeless as that love may be, I assert that I have a right to

love her. I assert that my right is as great as yours."

"I'll not dispute that. Love her, if you choose. I shall not quarrel with you regarding Maude Dayber's love; I have more important things than that to settle with you."

"Do you think so? I might not agree with you. But I can name several very important matters in which you need to fear what I can do—and what I will do."

"Such, for instance, as—"

"As your conversation with Graeme in the road leading from the asylum where Mrs. Nathan Dayber is imprisoned."

"Ah? You heard that, did you?"

"I did."

"I'm rather sorry. You might manage to complicate matters if you were to be so indiscreet as to repeat what you heard there. But I think I can manage to avoid the most of the unpleasant results which might follow either your carelessness or your malice—the more so as I know that you heard what was said. I believe I have no quarrel with you on that score. Is there anything else?"

"There is. I found and recorded the deed which gives Valley Park Academy to another than yourself."

"Ah? Did you? So that was your work, was it? I think I might have guessed it. You are just fool enough—or knave enough—to do so mean and contemptible a thing as that. But—I am not angry because you have done that; I think I know how to overcome the difficulties to which you have subjected me. Is that all?"

"No. There are many little things—trivial things—"

"I don't mean that, though little things and trifling things are not unlikely to become great and important in the light of new and unexpected events. Think again. Is that all?"

"That is all."

"You lie!" cried Anson, springing upon Flintacre, and catching him by the throat. "You lie! That is not all. You wrote to Smart & Swift, exposing the arrangement we had made; you made it evident that we deceived them, and that Nathan Dayber is mad. You must undo that; you must unsay that, or—or—"

"Never," gasped Flintacre; "I will never do it, Arnold Anson."

"You shall."

"I will not."

"Unless you do, I will kill—kill—"

"I never will—never—never!" exclaimed Flintacre, making a sudden spring which freed him from Anson's restraining grasp. But, just as he freed himself, his foot slipped. And in another moment Anson had him by the throat again, and the two men were engaged in a deadly struggle. Round and round they circled, cutting up the wet sand with their heavy boots, and ever and anon stumbling knee-deep into the waves that came running farthest up the sand from the sea.

Flintacre struck heavy blows with his fists, and Anson was staggered, and almost blinded, more than once. But Anson, what was he doing? He had not given his antagonist a single blow yet. He only held him fast with his left hand; he only seemed searching for something with his right hand.

All at once, he gave a cry of satisfaction—a cry so startling and suggestive that Flintacre paused, hot and panting, his hand half raised for a stunning blow he was never to strike.

"Once for all," he cried, triumphantly, dragging Flintacre a little nearer to him, "I ask you if you will undo what you have done? I ask you if you will unsay what you wrote to Smart & Swift?"

"Never!" says William Flintacre, undauntedly.

"Ah! Then take that—and that—and that!" Where was there light enough, under this weeping sky, in this sullen night, to flash and glitter on a rising and falling blade? It would be hard to say; it would be very hard. And still, faint glimmers shone in the murky air—three times!

And then—

That was all! Anson knelt down by the fallen man, his brain half mad with hope and fear, and looked and listened.

He springs to his feet. He hurls a wicked weapon far out into the seething waves. He drags the long, gaunt, unresisting body of his murdered tool-rival—foe—down to the water's edge, waits until a wave, larger than the one before it, comes rushing up to him, washing him almost to his hips. Then he presses the dead man down—down—down into the breaking and retreating wave, and lets him go out in the terrible undertow. Back to the sands, again, empty-handed. Back to the sands, again, to muse for a minute or two on the difference between now and—and—is it possible it was only a quarter of an hour ago, or possibly only half that? Back to the sands, to muse on what could have brought this man here to his fate, and—

What was that he said? That he should know in the morning? That he should know before morning? And does he know—know—

The guilty man cannot bear it. Away he dashes—away through the night, falling, rolling, bruised and bleeding. Away until the night grows old. Away until there is a stormy dawn in the sky. Away until there are many miles between him and the hateful spot on the sands where the rain and the waves smoothed out all signs of a struggle long ago. Away until his aching limbs and laboring lungs can do no more for him. Away—away—but not far enough to dare to raise his face and look any man squarely in the eyes, though no one but the All-seeing shall ever again look upon the face of William Flintacre.

And as he runs he mutters. What is it he says?

"Lost—lost—lost! And I did not see it. I would not own it, even to myself. Gone forever any hope of saying what the future of the possession of Dayber's Echo shall be! Gone forever any hope of lying among the Daybers when I am dead! Gone—gone—"

Be silent! Your evil prayer at Echo Rock deserves to be answered, Arnold Anson! And it will be!

CHAPTER XX.—ON THE IRON BELL OF FATE—  
STRIKE!—ONE!

DR. PETER PILLAH has lost his wife. There is no doubt of that. She has done as he suggested in his telegram, and she has done it in a most maliciously thorough manner. He has followed his telegram, in person, as soon as he conveniently could. But he has been too late—too late. She has disappeared utterly.

The house is empty of furniture. And why not? She undoubtedly needed ready money. The furniture, the carpets, the pictures, the books, the hundreds of costly little knickknacks which he has labored to give her—these represented much money, even if sold at a sacrifice, as they undoubtedly must have been if sold in a hurry. He has found the dealer in second-hand furniture, and other household goods and furnishings, to whom—or through whom—the contents of her home were sold. The man has admitted as much as that; he could hardly do less, since Dr. Pillah has traced some of the property to his possession. But farther than that the man has had little or nothing to say. Does he remember the name of the lady with whom he dealt? Perhaps he does; perhaps he does not; he declines to say. Does he know where she was going? His only answer is to ask why he should?

The house is placarded as being for sale or for rent. He has found the agent to whom the disposal of it is intrusted, and has asked all sorts of questions, but to no purpose. Mrs. Pillah has left no word for her husband. The policemen regard him with evident suspicion, as he haunts the vicinity of the house where his wife once lived, or are inclined to quietly and privately laugh at him—as the dupe of a smart and unscrupulous woman. He admits her smartness, with a groan; he wonders if there was ever any one so wickedly unscrupulous and ungrateful?

This condition of things continued some time. Dr. Pillah searched the City of New York, as fully and completely as he could alone, and found nothing whatever.

One day he received a most unpleasant letter from Mr. Bond, the lawyer to whom most of the legal work around Dayber's Echo was intrusted, and, you will remember, the lawyer who drew up the will of the dying Lionel Dayber in the first scene in this life-drama. The letter was to the effect that certain mortgages he had executed, on both real and personal property, had been foreclosed, and that the new owner proposed to take possession at once.

Dr. Pillah had never refused nor denied any demand made by his wife for money. Sometimes he had wondered why she applied to him so often, how she could possibly spend as much as she did, and whether she were not hoarding and saving—instead of simply spending—what cost him so much of labor and sacrifice. Of late years his practice had languished, and he had been able to meet her often-repeated demands only by mortgaging his property. One by one, the separate pieces of real estate belonging to him in the vicinity of Dayber's Echo had become involved for almost or quite their full value. Little by little he had raised money on his personality, his furniture, his library, his plate, his pictures, his instruments and specimens, until there was really nothing more left which he could call his own—nothing he could lay at the feet of even the most generously inclined of money-lenders, crying, "Give—give."

All this he had done for the woman who had given her life and strength and efforts and ambitions to the pursuit of the phantom of greed which had fallen into her girlish soul—and remained there to grow and strengthen with her years. All this he had done in the hope that he would, one day, have her in his home with him constantly—holding up her head in pride and happiness—willing to wear his name and share his every-day—his every-hour—joys and sorrows. All this he had done. Do you not know that he had also done more—woefully much more?

And now, his wife was gone. She had disappeared. He had little doubt, in his own mind, that she had purposely left him in ignorance of her whereabouts. He almost fully believed that he was never to see her again. He had a little ready money left, just a little, and no home! Strangers would have that, he said to himself, or, rather, a stranger would, for this queer statement formed a portion of the letter from Bond.

"It seems that some one I don't know who and I don't know how, has secured possession of all your mortgages—those just coming due as well as those already overdue, and in which you have failed to make the necessary payments of principal, or interest, or both. It is, in all probability, some one who has seen and taken a fancy to your property, and takes this way in which to secure possession of it. It may be some enemy of mine, if so, there is no help for you in your unfortunate situation. It may be some neighbor, and not a friendly one, in which case you may be able to make arrangements for keeping some of your property—that most highly valued, for instance—or at least to manage to put off the evil day. I beg to assure you that I am quite willing, indeed more than willing, to stand between you and immediate trouble—if more money will satisfy the demands of the one to whom you are now so seriously indebted. I am simply notified, by a firm of lawyers in New York city, that their client, the present owner of all your evidences of indebtedness, proposes to have possession given immediately."

Under ordinary circumstances this might have greatly worried Dr. Pillah. As it was, he was too thoroughly troubled with the loss of his wife to let this new sorrow strike very deep. He simply wrote to Mr. Bond that he should make no effort to retain or redeem his property. How could he? And, if he could, how could he spare the time?

Dr. Pillah's store of ready money was very small, very small indeed. He must begin to count every dollar he spent. He must begin to practice economy, to sleep in humbler lodgings at night, to ride

in cheaper conveyances when he traveled, and to go hungry—sometimes—when food would have been welcome.

He had no complaint to make; he made none; he sometimes felt an actual thankfulness for the temporary poverty which had fallen upon him; and why should he not? Did not an uncomfortable bed in a small and ill-ventilated room tempt him to take longer hours each day for the prosecution of his unavailing search? Did not the time he gained from the few minutes more he might have spent in the pleasures of the table add so much the greater probability to his dreams of eventual success?

He made no complaint. He had done all he had done for the love he had had for Della Dayber and Della Pillah; he would do it all, the good and the evil, freely and unhesitatingly, again, if the occasion could arise again. But he found his thoughts by day and his dreams by night more and more filled with the events of his far-off past than they had been. He thought of his adventures in California, of the grave from which Prince Prettyman had arisen, and of—of many other things! He wondered, frequently, whether he was going to lose, after all, the prize against which he had staked all he had and all he was and all he had ever been capable of being; he wondered if the prize would pay him, in its possession, for all it had cost?

What would he do when he had spent all his money? when he had nothing left? Return to his old home, of course, and to the remnants of the practice he had once had, and which his neglect and preoccupation had so disorganized and lessened. He would—

But would he? Sometimes he seriously doubted it. Sometimes he awoke in the night, his face wet with the sweat of agony, his lungs seeming to be fighting unavailingly against something which kept the blessedness of the air from reaching them. Sometimes his despondent soul was almost ready to accept these horrors as heaven-sent warnings, and omens of terror; sometimes he doubted if he should ever listen to the windy echoes at the great Dayber Rock again.

One day he was almost ready to curse his wife for the evil trick she had played upon him, and to promise himself that the only thing he could consent to do, when he had found her, would be to take revenge! Another day he would be ready to go to her with the old love as ardent as ever, ready to forget and forgive all things—even unasked! And then, when night had come, and he was so tired that it seemed as though he must find long-continued and genuine rest—or die—he would sink away into sleep, for a minute or two, only to start awake from some terrible dream in which he saw Della, alone, sick, helpless, without food or medicine or friends or care, crying aloud for him in her feverish delirium, and slowly dying because he could not—would not—come!

It was a terrible life, this, and it aged poor Pillah rapidly. He was learning the culminating lessons in the truths regarding the wages of sin.

One night he retired early. He needed to. He was almost sick. He felt as though another such day as that had been would be likely to send him to the hospital, there to lose long weeks or months of time he could not afford to spare, even if it did not, indeed, carry him beyond the hope of hospitals—and to his grave.

He retired early. But he could not sleep. His tired brain would not cease work. He must think—think—think, in spite of himself! And one plan—one thing to which he had heretofore given little thought—came up in his mind again and again. It seemed as though some persistent spirit from the outer world had found its way into his brain, and would never cease to whisper a wild suggestion, over and over again, with maddening iteration and tireless importunity. "Go to Valley Park Academy!" it said, over and over and over; "hunt for Prettyman's deed; find it; destroy it. In that way you are sure of your wife when you find her. And you are sure in no other way!"

And so, when midnight was on the stroke, he promised that he would go—to-morrow. And the determined demon gave him the rest he needed, and he slept.

He slept; he slept soundly. But he was awake and astir early. If he was going to Valley Park Academy, he might as well not delay; he might as well go at once.

He purchased a round-trip ticket to a little station a half-dozen miles to the west of the Academy. Then he went into a cheap restaurant, where he grudgingly and calculatingly expended a few cents—a very few—for a most meagre, unsubstantial and most thoroughly unsatisfactory breakfast.

He passed a news-stand, and looked wistfully at the morning papers there. He would so like to read one. He would so much like to see what the news of the world was. He had not read a newspaper for two or three days. He had little or no idea of what had happened, or what might have happened; he had no means of guessing how much the smallest paper might have in it for him.

He passed the news-stand. He went slowly; he went regretfully. But he did it bravely and manfully—for he had some brave and manly traits in him, in spite of his sins—saying that such a luxury as a daily paper was not for him!

And then, quickly as a Summer cloud may obscure the sun and darken the landscape, a chilly sense of danger seemed to shadow his sensitive soul. "What if—if—the paper should have something to say of his wife? What if he should miss seeing it?"

He turned back. He stood, irresolutely, before the piles of papers—stood so long and doubtingly that the dealer was almost angry, and almost ready to ask him to move on. Then he selected the cheapest daily there was, paid for it, and opened it as eagerly as though he supposed it to be the key to his future and the record of his fate.



Perhaps it was!  
The first thing, almost, upon which his glance fell, read:

"PERSONAL.—Prettyman's deed to Valley Park Academy was recorded yesterday."

He let the paper fall from his nerveless fingers, and did not seem to notice its loss. Slowly, dejectedly, despairingly, he walked back to where he had purchased the ticket he had intended to use in going to Valley Park Academy. He laid it down upon the ticket-agent's counter.

"I—I have decided not to go," he said; "will you give me my money, please?"

"We don't do business in that way here, my man," replied the agent, brusquely.

"Couldn't you give me something? Can't I sell it to you at a discount?"

The agent's manner changed a little. He took up the ticket, in which he had himself written the name of the traveler's destination, only an hour before, and which he had himself stamped, and examined it as intently and with as much evident interest as an entomologist would have given to a brand-new bug.

"The company couldn't consent to have the ticket returned, of course," he said, decidedly, laying the ticket down again; "but I don't know but what I might take it, as an investment. I will risk giving you so much for it."

And he laid down, beside the ticket, just one-half of what Dr. Pillah had paid for it.

Pillah stood and thought; he looked at the money; he looked at the ticket; he looked at the agent.

Then, suddenly, as though half afraid his resolution might fail him, he picked up the ticket and thrust it into his pocket.

"I'll go before I'll sell it for that," he said, doggedly.

"I like to see a man, once in awhile," sneered the agent, "who knows his own mind."

But Peter Pillah did not hear him. He had waited for nothing after deciding to keep his ticket.

Fate is a strange thing—a marvelous thing. I ponder, often, on the way in which Peter Pillah allowed his fate to find him. Greedy, grasping, covetous—he had been these all his life—but the end and aim of his desires had been more than mere money ever was or ever can be. On little things, very little things, depend the issues of life and death! This man let a few dollars, one way or the other, lead him to the beginning of that speedy road which has no end—in this world! But—

I sometimes sit and wonder how this story would have ended if the agent had given him back the whole of his money in exchange for the ticket!

(To be continued.)

## THE CITY OF AUSTIN, TEXAS.

### THE BEAUTY AND PROSPERITY OF THE LONE STAR CAPITAL.

THE City of Austin, with a population of 30,000, the county seat of Travis, and the permanent capital of Texas, is beautifully situated on the banks of the Colorado, near the geographical centre of the county. It was settled in 1839 by Americans, who named it in honor of Stephen F. Austin, through whose indefatigable efforts so many Americans were induced to settle in Texas.

Austin, like ancient Rome, is seated on seven hills, one of those sites which nature seems to have specially prepared for the capitals of great States. The general altitude is 650 feet above sea-level. The hills on which the city stands slope gently toward the Colorado, thus giving a perfect system of sewerage and superior sanitary conditions.

To fully appreciate the scenery around Austin it is necessary to stand upon one of the many hills crowned with elegant residences, and view the surrounding country, which rises and falls in regular gradation till merged in the undulating horizon. Through this magnificent scene winds the Colorado like a silver thread.

The climate of Austin is important, among its many attractions and inducements to immigration. The mean annual temperature for the year 1888 was 63.62 degrees Fahrenheit. During the summer the heat is tempered by incessant Gulf breezes, and the nights are cool and delightful. In the winter the "northern" seldom last longer than three days. Instead of being a drawback, they answer a double purpose—they purify the atmosphere and serve as a tonic to invigorate the body. These changes of temperature are now regarded, from a physiological point of view, as beneficial to health as a change of diet. A prominent physician, speaking of the health of Travis County, said: "I have been a citizen of Austin for thirty-seven years, have been engaged in the practice of medicine all that time, have carefully watched the city's rise and progress, and can cheerfully testify to the remarkable salubrity of its locality and environs, embracing, with but few exceptions, the whole of Travis County. . . . We are almost entirely exempt from diseases of malarial origin. The kinds of diseases most invariably benefited are dyspeptics, incipient tuberculosis, asthmatics, chronic bronchial troubles, and chronic diseases of various kinds."

The most stately of Austin's architectural monuments, and one of the finest public buildings on the continent, is the new State Capitol, which occupies the identical site originally set apart by the Republic of Texas for its own future Capitol building. It is located on a commanding eminence in the centre of the city, fronting the south and facing Congress Avenue. The material used in its construction is Texas red granite. Its form approximates that of a Greek cross, having a projecting centre and flanks, with a rotunda and dome at the intersection of the main corridors. Its dimensions are: From east to west, 562 feet; from north to south, 287 feet; and the distance to the apex of the dome is 321 feet. The building covers an area of 2½ acres. The style of architecture is the Renaissance, blending Doric, Ionic, Corinthian or Classic with modern improvements. The first floor is occupied by the executive departments of the State Government; the second floor

by the legislative, and the third floor by the judicial. A special architectural feature is the granite arch at the south front, which spans this entrance, the height being 72 feet. On the dome stands a statue of the Goddess of Liberty, 14 feet high. This magnificent Capitol, which cost the State 3,000,000 acres of land, is the pride of all Texans and the admiration of visitors. The University of Texas is situated north of the new Capitol, on the highest elevations in the city. The buildings are located on the summit of "College Hill," below which the city, with its palatial private residences, magnificent public edifices and Gothic churches, presents a view seldom equaled. The campus, comprising forty acres, is planted in hackberry-trees, which, in a few years, will make it one of the most beautiful groves in the country. The University is supplied with a large library, besides a well-furnished laboratory. It is probably the most liberally endowed school in the United States, the State having set apart and appropriated 2,221,400 acres of land for its maintenance and support. Being a State institution, the University is open alike to both sexes, without charge for tuition. It has nearly 300 students.

Other State institutions located at Austin are the Deaf-mute Institute, the Institute for the Blind, and the State Lunatic Asylum. Amongst the notable public buildings are the Land-office, the temporary Capitol, the City-hall, Millett's elegant Opera-house, with a seating capacity of 1,100, the Court-house, the Governor's Mansion, and the United States Post-office, which cost \$225,000. The city has twenty-four churches, of various denominations. Six newspapers are published there.

The Austin public-school system was organized in 1881, since which the enrollment of pupils has more than doubled, while the scholastic population has trebled. The latter is now about 3,000, distributed in nineteen school-buildings in the various wards, which afford convenient educational facilities for all. The number of teachers employed is 60; the value of city school property, \$68,470; special school tax, 33½ cents on the \$100. Austin is not only a seat of learning, but it is destined soon to become a great manufacturing centre. No better field can be found for the establishment of cotton, woolen and other manufacturing industries. Among the industrial enterprises already established in the city may be mentioned 7 lumber-yards, 3 coal-yards, 3 brick-yards, 3 planing-mills, 2 marble-works, 4 foundries, 4 cigar-factories, 3 candy-factories, 1 pipe-organ factory, 6 carriage-factories and 1 soap-factory, 1 cotton compress, 3 ice-factories, 3 lime and cement works, a patent pecan polishing company, and 1 nursery. The entire city is lighted by electricity. The city water-works have a daily capacity of 8,000,000 gallons. A fine street-car system, of about ten miles, traverses nearly every neighborhood, affording convenient facilities for riding from the residence to the business portion of the town.

The taxable wealth of Austin is \$6,067,555, while the public buildings, belonging to the State, county and city, churches, school-houses, etc., exempt from taxation, represent a valuation of \$5,000,000, making the real value of city property, at a low estimate, \$11,000,000. The Austin Board of Trade has a membership of 150. The city has three national banks and one private bank, with an aggregate paid-up capital of \$800,000.

We submit these facts as to the many advantages and evidences of prosperity of Austin, with the city's invitation to home-seekers and manufacturers to identify their interests with those of the Lone Star capital, believing they can nowhere find a more delightful climate, with all the conditions conducive to health, comfort and prosperity.

## SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE.

### THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER.

SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE, the new British Minister to the United States, reached Washington last week, and will at once enter upon his duties. He is a man of fine presence, being of sturdy build, over six feet in height; his face is cleanly shaven, save the side-whiskers, which have turned gray. His eyes are blue, and his nose prominent enough to show great strength of character. He is as erect as a soldier and most affable in manner. He expresses himself as delighted with his cordial reception, and says that he shall try to do his duty. "I like the open-hearted hospitality manifested by the American people, and I feel assured that, although this is my first visit to the United States, I shall find myself most happily situated."

Sir Julian Pauncefote was born in 1828, and is the second son of Robert Pauncefote, of Preston. He pronounces his name Pauncefote. His wife was a Miss Selina Cubett, daughter of the late Major W. Cubett. From 1865 to 1873 Sir Julian Pauncefote was Attorney-general at Hong Kong. He was Chief-justice of the Leeward Islands from 1873 to 1884, and from that date, until he received the present appointment, was assistant to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. He is an authority upon all questions connected with the foreign relations of Great Britain, and being, besides, a discreet man, it is not probable that he will ever involve himself in a scandal like that which led to the dismissal of his predecessor.

## THE POST-OFFICE AT OKLAHOMA CITY.

MR. G. A. BEIDLER, the newly appointed Postmaster of "the future great metropolis"—Oklahoma City, Indian Territory—is one of the first postal appointees under this Administration, and is now in possession of the office; but having no building in which to carry on the business, he was compelled to hastily improvise one, and so built the primitive one shown in the illustration, for temporary use. Mr. Beidler is an inventor by profession, and has attained considerable success in that line. He is a "seventh son," and according to the old idea, should have been a doctor. During the war he was a member of the One Hundred and Sixth Regiment Infantry, Illinois Volunteers, and served honorably as a private, sergeant-major and lieutenant until the close of the struggle. He proposes to identify himself with his newly adopted home, and predicts that in six months' time Oklahoma City will contain a population of 10,000 to 15,000, with half a dozen railroads centering in or near it.

## THE RUSH INTO OKLAHOMA.

OKLAHOMA was duly "boomed" on Monday of last week, the 22d inst., and the grand rush from all sides into the new territory was accomplished with surprisingly little strife and disorder. The country opposite Purcell may serve as an illustration of how, in a single night, hamlets and bare prairie lots grew into bustling, populous towns. At noon on the 22d, several thousand

men, women and children crossed the Canadian River at Purcell, into the southern borders of Oklahoma, and entered upon a wild struggle for homes in the promised land. The scenes connected with this hieira will never be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed them. At Guthrie, on the northern line, torrents of humanity began to pour in upon the new soil. The hunting-ground of the Indian is now the home of the white settler. The wilderness of yesterday is a populated territory. Every acre of land, from the Canadian River to the Cherokee strip, has a claimant. Every quarter-section has its squatter. Around the borders and railway-stations whole colonies are camped on single quarter-sections. Some wails of disappointment, complaints of land "sharking" in Guthrie and Oklahoma City, and sinister predictions of bloodshed are heard, but the vast majority of the "boomers," old and new, appear well content to take their chances, and improve them peaceably.

## CAPTAIN HAMILTON MURRELL.

### RESCUER OF THE "DANMARK'S" PASSENGERS.

WE are glad to present to the readers of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER the portrait of Captain Hamilton Murrell, the young commander of the steamship *Missouri* (of the Atlantic Transport Line, between London and Baltimore), and the hero of the rescue of the sinking *Danmark's* passengers, which so happily solved that dreaded "mystery of the sea." The thrilling story is now familiar to all the world. The *Missouri* was signaled by the disabled and sinking *Danmark* about 1 P.M., April 5th, in latitude 46 deg. 16 min. north, and longitude 38 deg. 36 min. west. At first an attempt was made to tow the *Danmark* to the nearest American port; but this proving impracticable, the *Missouri* took off all the passengers and crew, and started for the Azores, where she arrived safely on April the 11th. Some of the crew have gone home thence to Denmark, and Captain Knudsen went with them to report the accident to the owners. Three hundred and sixty-five of the passengers of the wrecked steamer were brought on to Philadelphia by the *Missouri*, landing there on Monday of last week. The remainder were left at St. Michael, in the Azores, to follow on another steamer.

The rescue was a most providential one, and Captain Murrell's prompt generosity and kindness, no less than his good judgment and skill in a most trying situation, have elicited the warmest admiration in every quarter. Not an accident occurred, and one child was born on board the *Missouri*. The final leave-taking between Captain Murrell and the passengers of the *Danmark* was affecting in the extreme. The warm letters of thanks which the cabin and steerage passengers presented to the *Missouri's* commander are to be framed and hung in the vessel's cabin.

The modest young captain was lionized in Philadelphia last week, where a public reception was tendered him at the Maritime Exchange, and a handsome gold watch presented by the Mayor and leading citizens. At Baltimore, on Saturday, there was another grand reception in honor of Captain Murrell and his officers. King Christian of Denmark has promised him a royal decoration.

Captain Murrell is only twenty-eight years old. He has had a master's license since he was twenty-one. He has been in command of ocean-going steamers for the last six years, first as captain of the *Surrey* and later in charge of the *Maine*, sister steamships of the *Missouri*, and all three belonging to the Atlantic Transport or "Red D" Line.

## FACTS OF INTEREST.

The highest office building in the world is to be erected at Nos. 5, 7, 9 and 11 Broadway, New York. It will be sixteen stories high on Broadway and seventeen on Greenwich Street. It will contain 950 offices, and will cost \$2,225,000.

The Buffalo corporation which has undertaken to turn to practical use some of the immense power of Niagara Falls promises to supply Buffalo before next Fall with all the electricity she wants. In five years the company proposes to "run every horse-car, elevator and engine within one hundred miles of the falls."

A big dry-dock at Newport News, Va., equal in capacity to any in the United States or Europe, was formally opened last week. There is in course of construction a ship-building plant alongside of the dry-dock, which will, when completed, enable the company to whom it belongs to do the finest work of construction and repair in the country.

JACKSON, Ill., is supplied with artificial gas at forty cents a thousand for lighting purposes and thirty cents for fuel. The gas is made from slack coal by a new process, and the inventors offer to supply Chicago at twenty-five cents a thousand, and say they could afford to give gas-light to every house, office and factory in the city for nothing if they would use fuel gas at forty cents a thousand.

The present force of enlisted men in the Navy aggregates 8,500 men. It is the opinion of Commodore Schley that a force of 15,000 men, or nearly 7,000 additional, will be required to equip the vessels already authorized by Congress. It is more than likely that an effort will be made to secure some sort of provision for these enlisted men in the Navy, so that the Government can command the very best type of manhood for its sailors. The officers are already provided for by the retired list. The last Congress arranged the savings-bank system, so that the money which was retained from the sailors until they were finally paid off could be deposited with the paymaster, and would draw four per cent. interest. This money is non-forfeitable for any cause except desertion. Other steps in behalf of the men are in consideration.

The tax system in China is peculiar. Taxes outside of Pekin are paid on arable land only, the tax varying with the crop-producing quality of the soil. Inside the City of Pekin there is no tax on land, houses or personal property. Goods brought through the city gates pay a light tax, but are exempt from taxation afterward. The only tax on land and houses in Pekin is on the sale of real estate, ten per cent. being charged on the price obtained for the property sold. There is also a tax resembling license fees. Outside of Pekin Chinese subjects are liable to be called on to perform certain duties whenever the Emperor passes through their districts, but this duty may be avoided by the payment of a small tax. All moneys spent on public account in Pekin come from the Imperial Treasury, and the expenditure is not limited to funds raised by taxation within the city. The bulk of the people in Pekin pay no taxes whatever. The man who owns his house and lot and implements of labor enjoys his earnings without toll or deduction.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN will spend the Summer in the Alps.

EX-POSTMASTER F. W. PALMER of Chicago has been appointed Public Printer.

It is stated that Lord Brownlow will succeed Lord Londonderry as Viceroy of Ireland.

THE report that Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, is seriously ill at Honolulu turns out to be unfounded.

EDWARD BULWER DICKENS, the youngest son of Charles Dickens, represents a protection district in the Parliament of New South Wales.

THE Chicago *Herald* thinks that Clarkson is the greatest pitcher in the country. He is pitching Democratic postmasters out of office at the rate of 1,200 a week.

In speaking recently of his career as surgeon and poet, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that he could not tell whether he had taken more pleasure in removing limbs than in constructing feet.

PRINCE ALEXANDER of Battenburg and his pretty wife are living quietly in a modest house at Gratz, Styria, where they have assumed the name of Count and Countess of Hartman.

EMPEROR WILLIAM II., after his beautiful railway-carriage was completed at an enormous expense, ordered the work done over again, because the colors did not match the Hussar blue of his uniform.

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND has leased a cottage at Marion, Mass., for the coming season. The house is a one-story building of the Queen Anne style of architecture, and is pleasantly located, some literary folk having Summer homes in the vicinity.

A GREAT crowd of visitors thronged Stratford-on-Avon on the 24th inst., in honor of the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and the birthday festival. A large number of American pilgrims arrived and witnessed the first performance since the poet's days of the first part of "King Henry VI."

DON SEBASTIAN LERDO DE TEJADA, ex-President of Mexico, who died at Lenox, Mass., on the 21st inst., did much toward developing railroads and telegraph lines and having his country represented at the Centennial at Philadelphia. During the political revolution of 1876 Lerdo was defeated and fled to this city, where he has remained since that time.

BUFFALO BILL'S new "Wild West Show" will open in Paris in connection with the great Exposition of May 15th. Several hundred Indians and cowboys sailed from this port on Saturday last. After the Paris season is over the exhibition will give entertainments in London, under cover, for the Winter. Madrid, Berlin, Vienna, and possibly St. Petersburg and Moscow, will be visited in turn.

MRS. SIDNEY LEE, mother of Governor Lee of Virginia, had an operation performed on one of her eyes recently. She was attacked with glaucoma in this eye, being the same disease that deprived her of sight in the other eye. The operation is what is known in surgery as iridectomy, which is performed by cutting out a portion of the iris, in order to form an artificial pupil. If the operation is not successful, Mrs. Lee will be totally blind.

ONE of Boulanger's closest adherents is an American negro who acts as the great agitator's valet. The negro's name is Jules Simeon, and he was born a slave in Louisiana about forty years ago. After the war he wandered northward, and reaching New York, became body-servant to a wealthy Frenchman who was traveling in this country. Jules returned to Paris with his employer, and quickly added to his knowledge of the French tongue the most polished metropolitan pronunciation. He has been in Boulanger's service only two years.

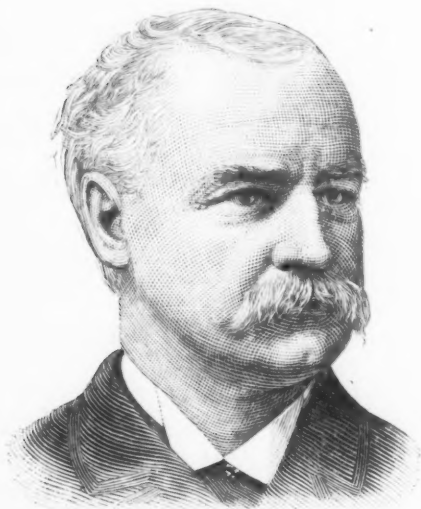
GENERAL BOULANGER left Brussels for London last week, being accompanied by several of his party leaders. He was welcomed at Dover by a large number of admirers. In London he took quarters at the Hotel Bristol, where many invitations from society leaders awaited his arrival. It is reported that an American speculator has offered Boulanger \$200,000 to go on a lecturing tour in the United States under his direction, and that, in default of his acceptance, the speculator holds the same offer open to Henri Rochefort.

THE President has appointed the following Commission to negotiate with the Sioux Indians in Dakota for a cession to the United States of a portion of their reservation: General George Crook, United States Army; ex-Governor Charles Foster of Ohio, and William Warner, of Kansas City, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Mr. Irving Miller, of Chicago, has been appointed secretary and disbursing officer of the Commission. Mr. Miller is a prominent young lawyer and a son of Justice Miller of the United States Supreme Court.

THE row between Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Randolph Churchill grows in bitterness. Lord Randolph has published an angry letter reproaching Mr. Chamberlain for his want of magnanimity after the Conservative sacrifices in Birmingham, and justifying in detail his own actions. He bluntly tells his adversary that if the Conservatives choose to test their strength throughout Birmingham the result would certainly be the political annihilation of Mr. Chamberlain and his friends, who, if they have Unionism at heart, had better moderate their pretensions and conciliate, rather than provoke, the Conservatives. Mr. Chamberlain meets this sharp assault by a plan for harmony.

THREE members of the Korean Legation in Washington, accompanied by two ladies, attended church the other Sunday, and attracted much attention. The ladies had never before attended a church-service, but they were perfectly self-possessed as they made their way to the pew reserved for the party. They are both very small, and were costumed in many colors and in a fashion strictly Korean, with curious little notched silk caps and tassels, skirts a trifle long and very full, and waistbands that were passed about the body directly under the arms. Throughout the service they were admirably attentive, although they knew not a word of what was said, and they did not appear to be aware that they were the chief objects of notice in a congregation that included the Chief Magistrate. When the service was ended they passed composedly out by the door they had entered, the ladies daintily picking up their long skirts as they tripped down the steps to enter the carriage that was waiting for them. At home no Korean woman appears in public.





MICHIGAN.—HON. EDWARD S. LACEY, COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.  
PHOTO. BY BELL.

HON. EDWARD S. LACEY,  
THE NEW COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

THE appointment of Mr. Lacey as Comptroller of the Currency is conceded on all hands to be one of the best so far made by the present Administration. In Michigan, Democrats are equally

pursuits, but more particularly in banking, being now the President of the First National Bank of Charlotte. Mr. Lacey was elected Recorder of Deeds for Eaton County in 1860 and 1862, and was Trustee of the Michigan Asylum for the Insane from 1874 to 1880. He was Delegate from Michigan to the National Republican Convention in 1876. His nomination for the Forty-seventh Congress from the Third Michigan District was made by acclamation, and he was re-elected to the Forty-eighth by a good majority. He was Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee from 1882 to 1884. During both terms in Congress he was a member of the Committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, and made a good record for himself as possessed of sound financial ideas. He thoroughly appreciated the dangers of continued silver coinage. A writer in the *Commercial Bulletin* says of his appointment: "In view of the attempt which the silver men will make in the next Congress to force the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase the full amount of bullion, \$4,000,000 a month instead of two, for coinage purposes, it will be well to have among the prominent officials of the Treasury a Western man whose views on financial questions are so sound. Mr. Lacey's experience as a banker extends back nearly a quarter of a century, and he is generally regarded as thoroughly qualified to administer the banking laws."

HON. LYMAN E. KNAPP,  
THE NEW GOVERNOR OF ALASKA.

LYMAN E. KNAPP, the newly appointed Governor of Alaska Territory, was born in Somerset, Vt., November 5th, 1837. He was graduated from Middlebury College, in that State, in 1862. He entered the service in the war for the Union in 1862, and remained until the declaration of peace in 1865. He became Captain in Company I, Sixteenth Regiment, Vermont Volunteers, and was promoted to be Lieutenant-colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. He was wounded at Gettysburg, at Spottsylvania Court-house, as well as at the capture of Petersburg. After the war he became editor of the *Middlebury Register*, and remained as such until 1872, when he became Clerk of the



VERMONT.—LYMAN E. KNAPP, NEWLY APPOINTED GOVERNOR OF ALASKA.

Vermont House of Representatives. He studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1876; was elected a Representative to the Vermont Legislature from Middlebury in 1876, and subsequently he was elected Judge of the Probate Court, and held that position from 1879 until 1889. A man of high character and experience in affairs, it is believed that he will discharge the duties of his new position to the satisfaction of the Government.

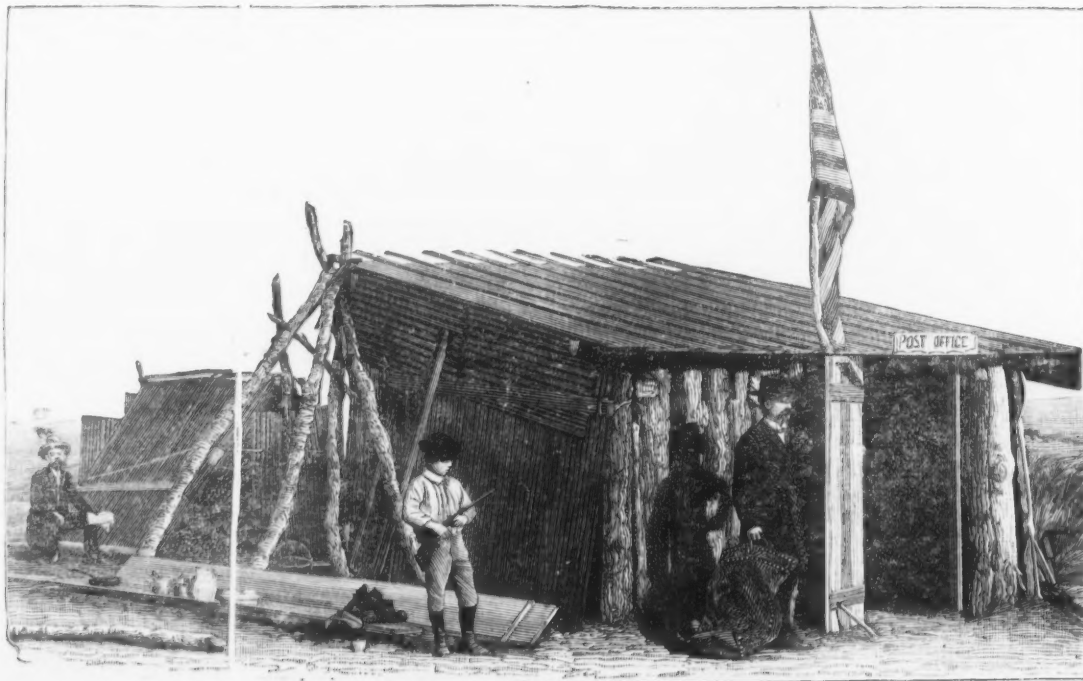


THE OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.—THE MILITARY ESCORTING ARRESTED CLAIM-JUMPERS ACROSS THE BORDER.  
● FROM A PHOTO.—SEE PAGE 207.

as emphatic as Republicans in approving it. Mr. Lacey was born, November 26th, 1838, at Chili, Monroe County, New York, and was taken to Branch County, Michigan, when seven years old, and to Eaton County a year later. He was educated in the public schools and at Olivet College. He has been engaged in various business



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JULIAN PAUNCEFOOT, BRITISH MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES.  
PHOTO. BY LOMBARDI & CO.—SEE PAGE 207.

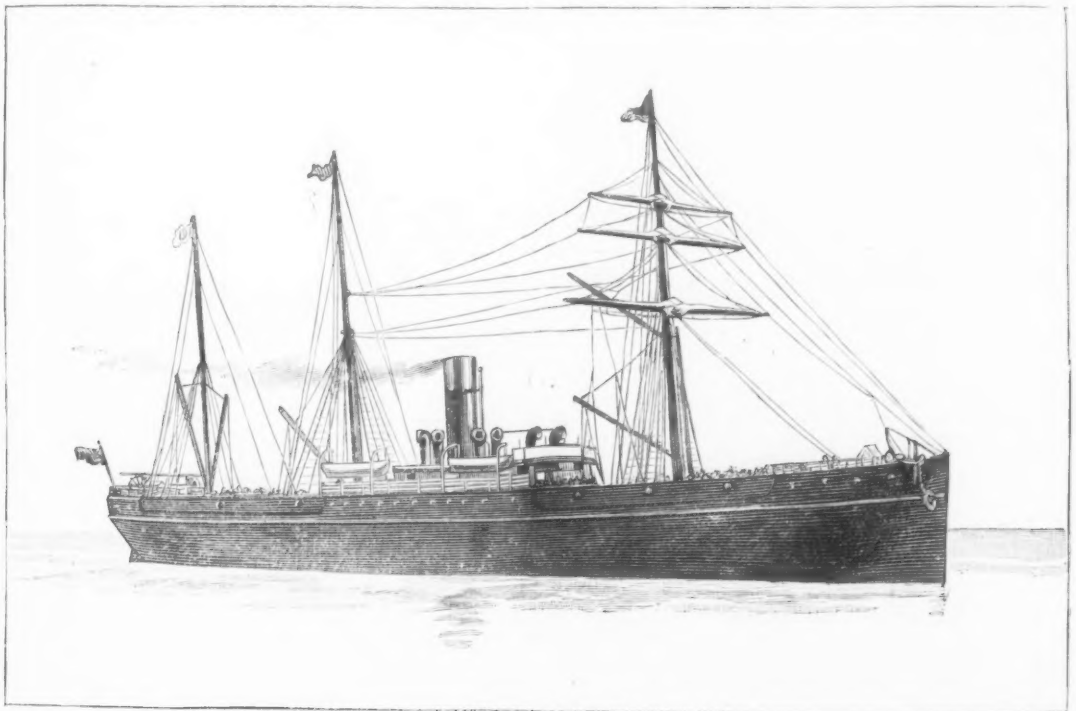


THE OCCUPATION OF OKLAHOMA.—THE FIRST POST-OFFICE AT OKLAHOMA CITY, G. A. BEIDLER, POSTMASTER.  
PHOTO. BY E. C. HAMIL.—SEE PAGE 207.





Captain Hamilton Murrell of the "Missouri."



The Steam-ship "Missouri."

THE WRECK OF THE STEAM-SHIP "DANMARK."—RESCUE OF HER PASSENGERS, OFFICERS AND CREW, 738 PERSONS IN ALL, BY THE STEAM-SHIP "MISSOURI."  
PHOTOS. BY W. CURTIS TAYLOR & CO., PHILADELPHIA.—SEE PAGE 207.



1. The State University. 2. The Post-office. 3. Congress Avenue. 4. The County Court-house.

TEXAS.—VIEWS IN THE CITY OF AUSTIN, CAPITAL OF THE STATE.  
FROM PHOTOS.—SEE PAGE 207.



## FUN.

ALL MIXED UP.—Tomlinson—"Hello, Fodger! What makes you look so excited?" Fodger—"Why, you see, they've got twins at sister's. One of 'em is a boy and one of 'em is a girl, and blamed if that doesn't make me an uncle and an aunt both!"—*Burlington Free Press.*

Mrs. McCorker (to new servant)—"The last servant had a habit of going into the parlor with her young man and sitting there the whole evening. Have you a young man?" New Servant—"No, mum; but I might get one with such inducements offered."—*Chicago News.*

Fogg (arguing with Brown)—"I tell you prohibition will never prohibit. If they pass the Constitutional Amendment we shall have free rum." Mrs. F. (suddenly interested)—"Oh, that will be a great saving to you, won't it, David? You will be able to buy that seal-skin sack next winter."—*Boston Transcript.*

## A LETTER FROM DR. HANS VON BULOW.

The Knabe Pianos, which I did not know before, have been chosen for my present concert tour in the United States by my *Impressario*, and accepted by me on the recommendation of my friend, Bechstein, acquainted with their merits. Had I known these pianos as now I do, I would have chosen them by myself, as their sound and touch are more sympathetic to my ears and hands than all others of the country.

DR. HANS VON BULOW.  
New York, April 6th, 1889.  
To Messrs. Wm. Knabe & Co.

## MEASURING TO EMERGENCY.

It is not well to believe all you hear. This is even a worse fault than faith in nothing. Among other dismal precedents we have long accepted is the belief that catarrh is incurable. But precedent is seldom cheerful and often inexact. It comes to us from a time when means were unsuited to the ends in view.

We alter this proportion in these days. For success implies the ability to measure to emergency, no matter how desperate. In this way Compound Oxygen is valuable. At least such is the inference from the following:

"ALMA, Neb., February 13, 1888.  
"I do unhesitatingly say that Compound Oxygen will cure catarrh."

"ATLANTA, Georgia.  
"I still recommend your remedy to my friends who are afflicted, and why should I not? It saved my wife's life and cured my boy of catarrh."

"MR. WALTER T. FORBES."  
"COLUMBIA CITY, Ind., March 19, 1888.  
"It is about three years now since I had used the treatment to such good purpose for catarrh, and I find it has not lost its virtues in the least."

"HENRY McALLEN."  
We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis, dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent, free of charge, to any one addressing DR. STARKY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 120 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

HIS FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.—Father—"There, Willie, is the old historic birch rod, nailed over the teacher's desk, which tanned my hide twenty years ago." Willie (uneasily)—"Are you sure it is nailed perfectly tight, papa?"—*Burlington Free Press.*

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine-glass Angostura Bitters before meals.

## ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## Save Your Hair

BY a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

## Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.



# INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES Cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants, and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster. 25c.

## What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks.  
Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE  
SUPPRESSION OF VICE.  
SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.



SOMETHING NEW.  
Duet Piano Stools.  
Are superior to any ever invented. Also, all kinds of Piano Stools, Music Cabinets, Piano Covers and Scarfs. Popular prices. Catalogues on application. F. NEPPERT, Manuf'r, 390 Canal St., near West B'way. Established 1848.

AGENTS WANTED for the Washington Centennial Souvenir Chart. Size 22x28, on excellent paper. Likenesses of Washington and Harrison—1789 and 1889. The American Eagle and American Flags in Colors; Columns bearing names of States; Rosenfeld's Great National Song (words and music for piano). "The Flag that's Waved a Hundred Years," and words of four other National Songs. Sample, 10 cts.; \$2.50 per 100; \$50 per 1,000. Address HITCHCOCK'S PUB. HOUSE, 385 6th Ave., N.Y.

# BOKER'S BITTERS

THE OLDEST AND BEST OF ALL  
Stomach Bitters.  
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE. TO BE HAD IN QUARTS AND PINTS.  
L. FUNK, JR., Sole Manuf'r and Prop'r,  
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

## JUST WHAT YOU REQUIRE!

## DENTAL PENCIL

## NEW TOILET ARTICLE

For removing all Tartar, Stains and Scurf from the Teeth, thus completely arresting the progress of decay. For whitening and polishing the Teeth it has no equal. Positive in effect, safe and convenient. Sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory. Agents wanted. Ladies and gentlemen, H. L. FESLER & CO., MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS, 464 Broome Street, New York.

## For Window Shades Use

# SUN-FAST ROCKSONIA HOLLANDS.

By new process of dyeing all colors are made and warranted positively sun-fast. Made in all new and desirable colorings, from 30 to 72 inches in width. Ask your dealer for them. If he does not keep them, write to us, mentioning this paper, and we will mail you FREE, a tape measure (handy in every household), together with a sample book, showing quality, etc.  
H. B. WIGGIN'S SONS,  
124 Clinton Place, New York.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.



# A WONDERFUL MEDICINE BEECHAM'S PILLS

At no time during life is there a period when a man can derive no benefit from a dose of Beecham's Pills. Boys who look upon the apple when it is green find a staunch friend in them. Military, sporting and club men, with a fondness for good living, and, in fact, all persons who know the value of good health, and are acquainted with the merits of these Pills, are never without them. They are an essential safeguard to every proper and well-regulated life. Taken as directed, Beecham's Pills will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

# WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;

BEECHAM'S Pills act like magic. A few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs, strengthening the muscular System, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the Rosebud of Health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands in all classes of society; and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the World. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, if your druggist does not keep them, WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, 25 CENTS A BOX. But inquire first. Mention this paper.



## THE FIVE SISTERS.

There were five fair sisters, and each had an aim—  
Flora would fain be a fashionable dame;  
Scholarly Susan's selection was books;  
Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks;  
Anna, ambitious aspired after wealth;  
Sensible Sarah sought first for good health.

Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervous and fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew daily more healthy, charming and beautiful, and married rich.

Moral.—To cleanse, purify and enrich the blood and insure a clear, blooming, rosy complexion, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors,

# \$500 REWARD

is offered by the manufacturers of DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY, for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. 50c., by druggists.

# Pianos STECK Pianos

Most reliable for Fine Tone, Finish, and Absolute Durability.

Warerooms: STECK HALL, 11 E. 14th STREET, NEW YORK.

## Golden Hair Wash

This preparation, free from all objectionable qualities, will, after a few applications, turn the hair that Golden Color or Sunny Hue so universally sought after and admired. The best in the world, \$1 per bottle; six for \$5. R. T. BELLCHAMBERS, Importer of fine Human Hair Goods, 317 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.



DON'T WEAR FALSE BANGS unless they are made of natural curly hair. We have them from \$2.00 up. Our bangs keep in shape simply by combing. New illustrated Catalogue of latest styles free. Goods sent by mail everywhere.  
S. C. BECK,  
Manufacturer of Hair Goods,  
36 N. EIGHTH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

# TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

A laxative, refreshing fruit lozenge, very agreeable to take, for Constipation, hemorrhoids, bile, loss of appetite, gastric and intestinal troubles and headache arising from them.  
E. GRILLON,  
27, Rue Rambuteau, Paris.  
Sold by all Druggists.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly  
Price 25 cents. Yearly subscription, \$3.  
Address,  
Mrs. FRANK LESLIE, Publisher,  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City.





How to Use "ROUGH ON RATS."

SOME folks, after buying an article, will destroy or throw away the directions without reading them. Now and again some such person will say rats won't eat *Rough on Rats*. If asked how they used it, it will be found they sprinkled it about, or, at most, mixed it with a little flour or meal. Ask a complainer if he tried *Rough on Rats* mixed with lard, grease or butter and spread on bread, cut in pieces and laid about; or if he put it on raw or cooked meat, the leavings of fish, clams, oysters; or if he has mixed it with cheese; or if he has mixed it with eggs and meal or grease and meal, and if he covered up or removed other food rats could get at; to all of which he will probably answer, No. Now it's a notorious fact, known all over the world, that *Rough on Rats* has never been equaled as a rat, mouse, insect and vermin destroyer; and the cause of any failure is due to the stupid dullness or carelessness of the person setting it, rather than the inefficacy of the article. Occasionally an individual is found who will say the rats eat some of the *Rough on Rats*, but it don't kill them. He don't see any dead ones. If asked if he hears or sees any live ones he says, No. Is it necessary that you see the dead ones? So long as you are clear of rats and mice, what more do you want? If occasionally a few scattering ones are left, set *Rough on Rats* again, using some other material to mix it with. *Rough on Rats* is a slow but sure poison. It is not necessary that each and every rat get the dose set. If a few of them get it, it makes them so sick and miserable, they will kick up such a rumpus, and suffer so much, that all are terrified and scared from the dreaded premises, and those that do get the dose—in their misery, work their way out of the building in search of relief and water, and die or stroll away. Thus your house is completely rid of vermin, and it is not necessary that you see dead or dying rats lying about to convince you. Every time you set or reset *Rough on Rats*, use a different medium or vehicle to mix it with.

SEE ALSO special instructions with each package for use of *ROUGH ON RATS*, in clearing out Roaches, Water and Croton Bugs, Beetles, Ants, Insects, Hen Lice, Potato Bugs, Moths, Squirrels, Jack Rabbits, Sparrows, etc. Send for circular How to Destroy Bugs, Insects, Roaches. Send for Lithographs, Advertising matter, etc. E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N.J., U.S.A.



YOUTH and BEAUTY preserved by using that marvel of the age, "LEAURELLE OIL." Though called an oil, is more in the nature of an expressed juice; possesses peculiar properties, preventing tendency to formation of wrinkles or ageing of the skin.

LEAURELLE OIL.

NATURE'S WONDER.—A genuine essence of Nature, possesses most marked and surprising virtues in preserving youthfulness and glow of the skin and complexion. Removes and prevents pimples, black-heads, WRINKLES or AGEING OF THE SKIN.

Preserves a youthful, plump, fresh condition of features. If you desire a transparent, clear, fresh complexion, free from blemish or roughness, use LEAURELLE OIL. It cures and prevents cracking, chapping, roughness or coarseness of skin. Keeps face, neck and hands soft, plump. Preserves the tone, life and transparent glow of the skin as in youth. When applied let it dry on. Need not be washed off. Will not soil most delicate fabric. \$1 at Druggists' or prepaid by Express.

E. S. WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

GRAY HAIR.

IF THE HAIR IS GRAY

And it is desired to gradually darken and restore to original color, use

WELLS' HAIR BALSAM

Restores Gray Hair to Original Color.

An elegant dressing, softens and beautifies. No grease nor oil. A tonic restorative. Prevents the hair coming out; cleanses, strengthens and heals scalp.

50c. and \$1.00, At Druggists'.

The \$1 size by Express, free of Express charge.

E. S. WELLS, JERSEY CITY, N. J., U. S. A.



**FREE** Sewing-Machine. To once establish trade in all parts, by placing our machines and goods where the people can see them, we will send free to one person in each locality, the very best sewing-machine made in the world, with all the attachments. We will also send free a complete line of our costly and valuable art samples. In return we ask that you show what we send, to those who may call at your home, and after 2 months all shall become your own property. This Singer machine is made after the Singer patents, which have run out; before patents run out it sold for \$25.00, with the attachments, and now sells for \$5.00. Best, strongest, most useful machine in the world. All is free. No capital required. Plain, brief instructions given. Those who write us at once can secure free the best sewing-machine in the world, and the finest line of works of high art ever shown together in America. TRUE & CO., Box 100, Augusta, Maine.

REASONS WHY



COD LIVER OIL.

Should be preferred to all others:

Because—It is genuine-pure, just as it existed in the hepatic cells of the living fish, not depleted of its natural virtues by any process of refining, nor weakened by being made into an emulsion with an equal quantity of water, glycerine, etc., which latter device makes water bring the price of Oil.

Because—In taste and smell it is not offensive, but instead, sweet and agreeable.

Because—Its administration is always followed by satisfactory results.

Because—It is more easily assimilated than other Oils.

Because—It is more nutritious than other Oils.

Because—Of its perfect digestibility, perfect limpidity.

Because—This perfect Oil costs consumers no more than the poorer qualities abounding in the stores.

Because—It is readily obtainable; all well-stocked Drug Stores have it.

Because—It is unquestionably the purest and best COD-LIVER OIL IN THE WORLD.

W. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., New York.

Sole Agents for U. S. and Canada.

ENOE'S CHARCOAL DOTLETS.

The most elegant, cleanly and agreeable Willow Charcoal preparation known. Free from all grit and dust, palatable as confections, and do not soil mouth or fingers. The best known remedy for Acid Stomach, Offensive Breath, Flatulency and Indigestion. For sale by all druggists, or mailed free for 25c., by RULON & CRAWLEY, General Agents, 23 Vesey St., New York.

For Sale—Country. Homes. Homes. Homes.

GRAND EXCURSION AND AUCTION SALE at CONGER'S, ROCKLAND LAKE, 40 minutes' ride via West Shore Railroad, Wednesday and Thursday, May 1st and 2d. Trains leave foot of Jay St., 10 A.M.; 42d St., 10:15.

Good music will be furnished by the Medway Band of 21 pieces, from Medway, Massachusetts. Fare, round trip, 75 cents. Free lunch will be served on the grounds.

Beautiful houses are now under construction in the midst of the property which we shall offer; 200 house-lots at auction, opposite railroad station—cream of our property—on easy monthly payments. JOHN T. BOYD, from the Real Estate Exchange, Auctioneer.

Call at once if you wish to see the greatest bargain ever offered in the suburbs of New York.

Boston Improvement Co., 55 BROADWAY.

J. MCGINNIS, W. H. VAN GUILDER, Managers.

28 DRAWINGS ANNUALLY

Without any loss, on Five of the Best European Premium Government Bonds.

\$5.00 will secure these splendid chances for you.

GRAND PRIZES OF \$1,000,000, \$500,000, \$250,000, \$100,000, Etc., Etc.

Five Drawings in May, 1889.

These Bonds are sold in accordance with the laws of the United States, and are not regarded as a lottery scheme by United States courts. Every Bond must be redeemed with the Full Nominal Value, or draw a Premium.

Send \$5.00 as first payment on these Bonds, to take part in next drawing, to

E. H. HORNER, Banker, 86 and 88 Wall Street, New York.

BRANCH OFFICES: 66 State Street, Boston, Mass.

220 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

The Best 10c. Straight Domestic Cigar

MADE IN

"The Imperial."



\$9 per hundred in boxes of 25. \$2.25 per box.

Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of cash.

DALTON & MAHN, 11th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia.

OPIUM

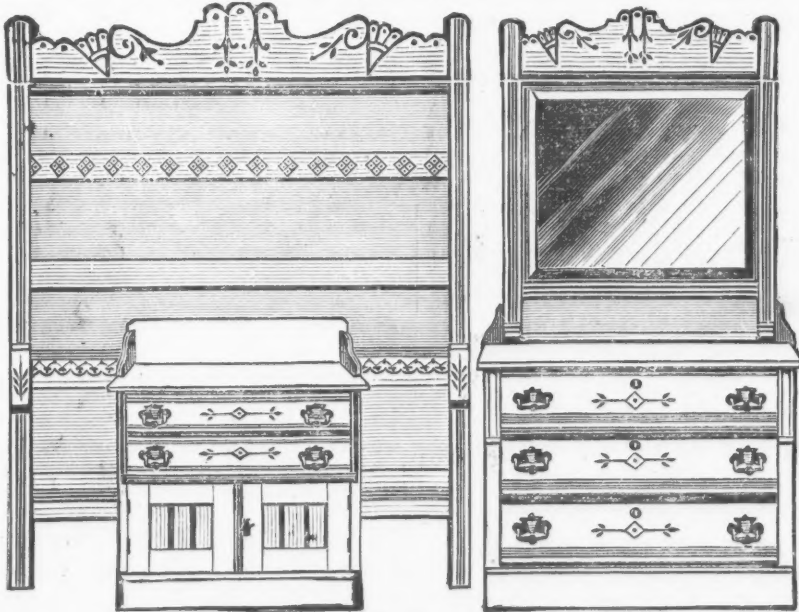
or Morphine Habit in every form can only be cured by the Dr. J. L. Stephens Remedy, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have painlessly cured more than 10,000 cases. NO PAY TILL CURED. Address THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., LEBANON, OHIO.

BROOKLYN FURNITURE COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS,

Make a Specialty of Furnishing COUNTRY HOMES At Less Cost than any House in the Country.

Our Stock the Largest. Our Styles Superior. Workmanship the Best.



\$18 for this First-class Solid Ash Chamber Suit of 8 pieces. Large swinging Plate Glass, handsomely finished. Cannot be bought elsewhere for less than \$26.

WE ARE OFFERING CHOICE BARGAINS IN

Parlor, Chamber and Dining-room Furniture.

Before purchasing elsewhere call and see them.

BROOKLYN FURNITURE CO., FURNITURE AND 559 to 571 Fulton St., B'klyn, N.Y. CARPETS.



## Using Them for Fifty Years.

Mrs. Fayette Dixon writes:

"ARKANSAW, PEPIN CO., WIS.,  
Dec. 2, 1885.

"For upwards of fifty years I have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I am now nearly eighty years old, and in good health. That my faculties are still intact is due to this fact, and this only, that I have almost relied on BRANDRETH'S PILLS, to the exclusion of stronger medicines, to restore me to health whenever either seriously indisposed or in great suffering from colds, back-ache, etc., and am deeply grateful, next to my Maker, to the blessed man who originated and placed within reach of his fellow-beings so simple and efficacious a remedy. For bilious derangements and kidney disturbances, their usefulness, in my experience, is particularly noticeable."

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.



GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

### BAKER'S Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted absolutely pure Cocoa, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrow-root or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

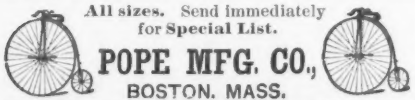


### UNUSUAL Bicycle Bargains

FIRST-CLASS MACHINES AT THE  
PRICE OF CHEAP ONES.

A number of second-hand and shop-worn high grade Bicycles for sale at very low prices.

All sizes. Send immediately for Special List.



POPE MFG. CO.,  
BOSTON, MASS.



### LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT

Finest and Cheapest Meat Flavoring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes and Sauces. As Beef Tea, "an invaluable tonic and an agreeable stimulant." Annual sale, 8,000,000 jars.

*For Liebig*

Genuine only with fac-simile of Justus von Liebig's signature in blue across label, as above.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers and Druggists.  
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., Ltd., London.

### THE ETRUSCAN!



A great invention! New, simple and wonderfully popular! Makes the most delicious coffee! Acknowledged to be the best coffee pots and urns in the world! All sizes manufactured of tin and metal! Agents are coin- ing money! Solicitors wanted in every part of the world!

The Etruscan Coffee Pot Co.,  
23 North 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Arnold, Constable & Co.

### WRAPS AND COSTUMES.

Paris Styles.

### MANTLES, SUITS,

Wraps, Jackets.

Broadway & 19th St.  
NEW YORK.

## Darlington, Runk & Co.

### Dress-making Department.

Evening and Reception Costumes, Mountain, Seashore, Lawn Tennis and Traveling Dresses made to order.

Ladies' Riding Habits, Coats, Wraps and Jackets.

Steamer and Traveling Shawls.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.  
Philadelphia

## OUR CENTENNIAL EXHIBIT

Many of those who regularly read advertisements of our goods in these columns will be in New York City during Centennial Week. We hope to see them here in the store.

For a few days, immediately preceding and following the great Military and Civic Parades, each department in the house will make a special decorative display of its goods.

Having, beyond question, one of the largest and most varied assortments of High Novelty Dress Fabrics to be found in America, we expect to make this Exhibit memorable, and in every way worthy of the time in which it occurs.

### JAMES McCREERY & CO.,

Broadway and 11th St.,  
New York.

### CURE for the DEAF

by FECK'S PAT. IMPROVED CUSTOMER EAR DRUMS. Whispers heard distinctly. Comfortable, invisible. Illustrated book & proofs, FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name this paper.

EARL & WILSON'S  
LINEN  
COLLARS & CUFFS  
BEST IN THE WORLD

# Pears' Soap

HENRY WARD BEECHER wrote:



Henry Ward Beecher

"If CLEANLINESS is next to GODLINESS, soap must be considered as a means of GRACE, and a clergyman who recommends MORAL things should be willing to recommend soap. I am told that my commendation of PEAR'S Soap has opened for it a large sale in the UNITED STATES. I am willing to stand by every word in favor of it I ever uttered. A man must be fastidious indeed who is not satisfied with it."

PEARS' is the best, the most elegant and the most economical of all soaps for GENERAL TOILET PURPOSES. It is not only the most attractive, but the PUREST and CLEANEST. It is used and recommended by thousands of intelligent mothers throughout the civilized world, because, while serving as a detergent and cleanser, its emollient properties prevent the chafing and discomforts to which infants are so liable. It has been established in London 100 years as A COMPLEXION SOAP, has obtained 15 International Awards, and is now sold in every city in the world. It can be had of nearly all Druggists in the United States; but BE SURE THAT YOU GET THE GENUINE, as there are worthless imitations.

### 1784. BARBOUR'S FLAX THREADS.

USED BY LADIES EVERYWHERE

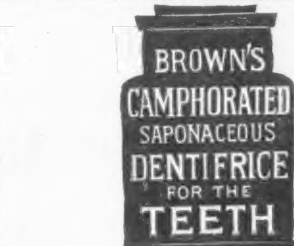
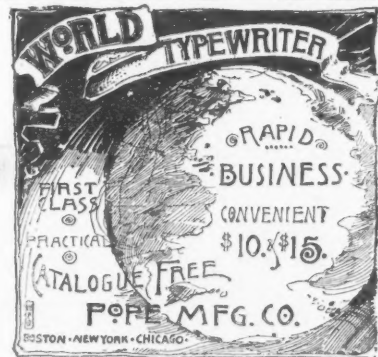
Embroidery, Knitting and Crochet Work.

Also for Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY,  
New York, Boston, Philadelphia,  
Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.



A MOST AGREEABLE ARTICLE

Cleaning and Preserving the Teeth

PURIFYING THE BREATH.

It is the Best Toilet Luxury known. For sale by Druggists, etc., 25c. a bottle.

PRINT PRESS \$3. Circular size \$8. News- paper size \$4. Type-setting easy; printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

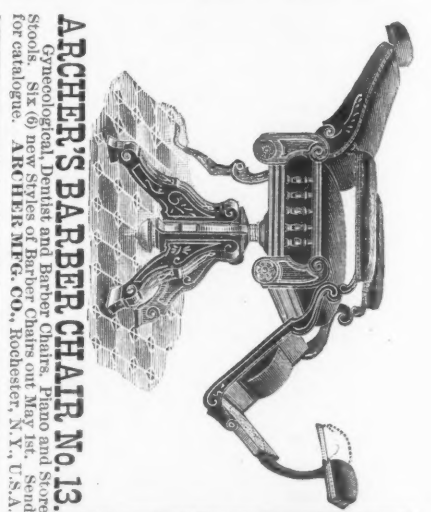
## PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

Price per Case of 12 Large Bottles, 5 to a Gallon.

|                             |                |                        |                         |
|-----------------------------|----------------|------------------------|-------------------------|
| PORT WINE, NO. 1            | \$4.00         | RYE WHISKEY, NO. 3     | \$4.00                  |
| PORT WINE, NO. 2            | 5.00           | RYE WHISKEY, NO. 4     | 5.00                    |
| DURAND PORT                 | 6.00           | SHERWOOD RYE           | 6.00                    |
| SHERRY WINE, NO. 1          | 4.00           | GOLDEN WEDDING RYE     | 7.50                    |
| SHERRY WINE, NO. 2          | 5.00           | DOUGHERTY RYE          | 11.00                   |
| DAVIES SHERRY               | 6.00           | HERMITAGE RYE          | 4.00                    |
| SWEET CATAWBA WINE          | 4.00           | BOURBON WHISKEY, NO. 3 | 5.00                    |
| ANGELICA WINE               | 4.00           | BOURBON WHISKEY, NO. 4 | 6.00                    |
| ANGELICA, OLD               | 5.00           | BOURBON WHISKEY, NO. 6 | 8.00                    |
| SWEET MUSCATELL             | 4.00           | MEGIBBIN'S BOURBON     | 12.00                   |
| SWEET MUSCATELL, OLD        | 5.00           | OLD CROW BOURBON       | 4.00                    |
| BLACKBERRY BRANDY, NO. 3    | 5.00           | HOLLAND GIN, NO. 3     | 5.00                    |
| BLACKBERRY BRANDY, OLD      | 6.00           | HOLLAND GIN, NO. 4     | 6.00                    |
| BLACKBERRY BRANDY, VERY OLD | 8.00           | RYE MALT GIN           | \$5, \$6, \$8 and 10.00 |
| CIDER BRANDY                | \$5, \$6, 8.00 | JAMAICA RUMS           | \$6, \$8 and 10.00      |
|                             |                | SCOTCH WHISKEY         |                         |

We will pack an assortment of Wines and Liquors in Case, if so desired, without extra charge. Half Case, containing six bottles, at one-half the price of full case. Persons wishing goods sent C. O. D. must remit \$1 with order to insure good faith. All goods packed in plain boxes and shipped to any part of the United States. Complete price-list free. Beautiful engraved calendar for 1889, size 14 x 22, 10 cents, post-paid.

J. C. CHILDS & CO., 346 Eighth Ave., N. Y. City.



THE BEST SEASON IS NOW ON FOR  
**AGENTS NEW AND OLD**  
and Farmers to make \$20 to \$50 per week, during spare time, selling New Patent Fire Proof Safes; size 28x18x18; weight 500 lbs.; retail price \$35; others in proportion. Highest award, Centennial Exposition, 1888. Rare chance; permanent business. Our prices the lowest. We are not in the safe pool. Exclusive territory given. Catalogue and full particulars free. Address ALPINE SAFE CO. CINCINNATI, O.

Wear the Burt & Packard  
"Korrek Shape."



IT CONFORMS TO SHAPE OF FOOT.  
If you want perfection in fit, with freedom from corns and all discomfort you will always wear the Burt & Packard Shoe. It is acknowledged as the most comfortable, the best wearing and most stylish gentlemen's shoe made in the world. Don't spoil your feet by wearing cheap shoes. The Burt & Packard Shoe costs no more than any other fine shoe, though none approach it in value. All styles in Hand-made, Hand-welt, and Burtwelt; also Boys' and Youths'. If not sold by your dealer send his name and your address to (successors to Burt & Packard) Packard & Field, Brockton, Mass. Sold by



# MUNCIE, INDIANA.

THE NATURAL-GAS CITY OF THE WEST—ITS ADVANTAGES FOR THE MANUFACTURER, MERCHANT, INVESTOR AND SPECULATOR—FREE FUEL—FREE LIGHT—NATURAL BEAUTY—NATURAL ADVANTAGES AND NATURAL GAS ARE CALLING THE CITIZENS OF THE WORLD TO THIS FAVORED CITY—AN INVESTING FIELD FOR INVESTORS.

THE world is familiar with the phenomenally rapid growth of the West. In one brief generation we have looked in amazement at the flight of vast herds of buffalo and hordes of painted men before the advancing caravans of the emigrant. Seen the locomotive climb, chamois-like, over the cliffs and very crests of the Rocky Mountains. Seen a web of steel spread over the wilderness by the great spider of commerce. The aspects of the Indians swept away to make room for the factory, church and school-house.

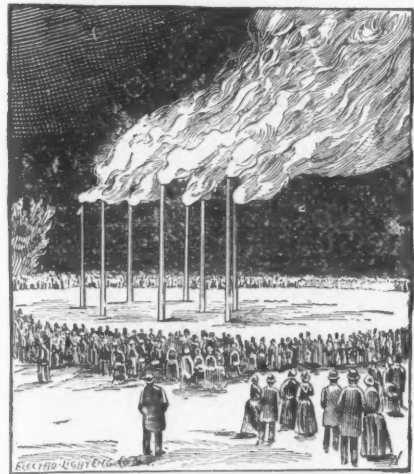
Amid the roar of mill-wheels, the din of factory-whistles and clatter of the wheels of trade, the people of the East have swept with their telescopes the far West for the glitter of gold, and the broad domain of the Hoosier State for fruits of agriculture alone.

One city at least in this State of golden groups of grain and great herds of cattle has caught the eye of the East, and the query comes, What new wonders has Nature's store-house given to enrich, now fortunate, to be mighty, Muncie, the manufacturing city of the West?

It is the fame that shoots from Nature's boundless reservoirs, lighting up Muncie's future with untold benefits, bringing costless fuel, and setting the wheels of a hundred factories in tuneful motion.

## NATURAL GAS.

Its origin is shrouded in mystery. No man knows how it is made or from whence it comes.



NATURAL-GAS DISPLAY, MUNCIE, IND.

A well is sunk from 900 to 1,000 feet, and the Trenton limestone is struck; penetrating this rock a few feet, the gas comes gushing up with an almost irresistible force, and when lighted throws a terrific flame high in the air. Sometimes the volume of gas is so great that it is difficult to control, although this is now reduced to a science.

Natural Gas is found only in a few favored localities of the world.

The Chinese discovered it two thousand years ago, and used it in their porcelain-furnaces. It is also found to some extent in Southern Russia.

In this country it has been discovered in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Muncie, Indiana. The latter is the largest field in the world, and manufacturers are now seeking this city of free fuel and splendid shipping facilities. The use of Natural Gas is but in its infancy. The world as yet has not realized how great and valuable are the Natural-gas fields, although capitalists are seeking every opportunity to invest, and in many cases are piping it fifty miles and more to some of our large cities.

Natural Gas is the king of fuels—the mighty spirit of heat. It comes as the latest and most wonderful gift of Nature to man.

The gold mountains of the Pacific; the mighty hematite vein that traces its iron way from New York through Alabama; the great black diamonds of the broad coal-fields of America, sink into insignificance when compared to Natural Gas.

## MUNCIE, INDIANA.

Two years ago the glad tidings went forth that Natural Gas had been discovered at Muncie, then a thrifty county seat with 7,000 inhabitants, backed by a county of unusual richness and fertility of soil; but with the discovery of Natural Gas a new era dawned, and Muncie began to loom into prominence as a manufacturing city. Factory after factory came, attracted by the offer of free fuel and free land, until during the past eighteen months eighteen new factories have cast their fortunes with this charming city—which has grown from seven thousand to fourteen thousand within two years. Muncie has the finest court-house in the State outside the capital, a beautiful high-school building besides four others, twelve churches, five hotels, rows of brick and stone buildings, miles of brick and stone sidewalks, splendid water-works and sewerage system, paid fire department, and macadamized streets fringed with beautiful maple shade-trees.

Twenty splendidly graded and graveled turn-pikes radiate from Muncie's centre, like the spokes of a wheel from its hub, forming charming drives and penetrating everywhere the wealth of agriculture. Historic White River, upon whose banks the Delaware and Miami Indians settled a century ago, forms a half-circle around the city. It was here that Tecumseh, that wily Indian chief, made

his last stand and fought till overpowered by the hardy early pioneers, and was driven west across the Mississippi.

Thirty-three mighty Natural-gas wells, within a radius of two miles of Muncie's centre, pour forth 100,000,000 cubic feet of gas per day, only about one-third of which is now consumed. The amount of saving in fuel and light to Muncie's residents and manufacturers now aggregates the enormous sum of \$500,000 annually.

The supply is inexhaustible. Centre Township, six miles square, in the centre of which is located the City of Muncie, will supply gas in abundance for a thousand wells, or two billion cubic feet per day, enough for a manufacturing city of one million inhabitants. Taking these facts into consideration, who can anticipate Muncie's magnificent future? Conservative people estimate its population at 50,000 within five years; others, at 100,000. There has been no wild "boom" in real estate, and values are exceedingly low when compared with Western cities of less brilliant prospects. Prices have gradually advanced, and each year will now undoubtedly see an advance of from fifty to one hundred per cent. in real estate; especially will this be true of lands immediately adjoining the city.

## MANUFACTURING INDUSTRIES.

Among the prominent and largest manufacturing located here during the last eighteen months are the Muncie Nail and Iron Works, employing 350 hands, and saving \$40,000 annually in fuel; Muncie Pulp Co., employing 250 hands, and saving \$45,000 in fuel; Hemingray Glass Works, tableware, 300 men, and saving \$20,000 yearly in fuel; Maring, Hart & Co., window-glass, 250 men, and saving \$15,000 in fuel; C. H. Over & Co., window-glass, 175 men, and saving \$11,000 yearly in fuel; Ball Bros. & Co., fruit-jars, etc., 150 men, and saving \$10,000 yearly in fuel. It is estimated that the fifty-four factories located here save annually \$250,000 in fuel. What manufacturer using coal can hope to compete with these figures when fuel costs nothing? Mr. Darnell, President of the Muncie Nail and Iron Co., says he is making a nail out of pig-iron so much finer, by the use of Natural Gas, that experts cannot tell it from steel.

Window-glass made by Natural Gas is finer, clearer, and gets the preference in the market over that made by coal.

New manufacturing are now being located in this beautiful and enterprising young city, and if it is fair to judge the future by what has been accomplished in the past, over fifty large establishments will locate here within two years.

## SUPERIOR RAILROAD FACILITIES.

Muncie transportation facilities are perfect. Three great trunk lines cross here, offering an outlet to every point of the compass—the Cincinnati, Cleveland, Columbus and Indianapolis, or "Bee Line"; the Lake Erie and Western; and the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville. The two former furnish through transportation east and west, and the latter, running north and south, crosses all the great trunk lines from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast.

A belt line of railroad skirts the southern and eastern part of the city, and connects with the



COURT-HOUSE, MUNCIE, IND.

three lines of road, affording manufacturing facilities for loading and unloading freight at the factory-door. Muncie is fortunate in being a central city. It is the centre of Centre Township, in the centre of Delaware County. It is a great railroad centre. It is the centre of the Indiana gas-fields, the most extensive in the known world, and marks the centre of population of the United States.

## THE MUNCIE NATURAL-GAS LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.

ORGANIZATION OF A LARGE COMPANY—CAPITAL STOCK, \$2,000,000.

The eagle eyes of Eastern capitalists are ever in search of a favorable field for investment. They scan each day the horizon of the world for new discoveries. The gorgeous flame that gushed from Muncie's wells soon attracted their attention, and an expert was sent to look over the field and make a report.

Suffice it to say that it was so favorable that steps were taken to secure all the desirable property possible, and a company was formed with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, and the following officers elected:

Hon. LEON ARBETT, ex-Governor of New Jersey, President.

Mr. E. G. RIDEOUT, New York, Vice-president and General Manager.

Mr. S. C. GOSHORN, Muncie, Ind., Secretary.

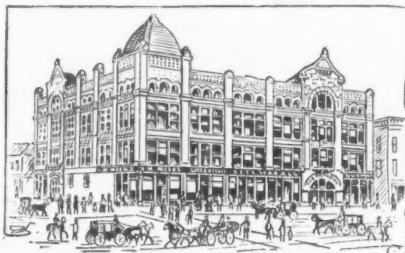
Mr. WM. HARRIS, Union City, Ind., Treasurer.

Mr. JAMES M. WOODS, New York, Assistant General Manager.

Mr. JAMES A. BISHOP, Cincinnati, O., Director.

Mr. NICHOLAS OLMER, Dayton, O., Director.

Mr. W. S. HALL, Findlay, O., Director.



ANTHONY BLOCK AND OFFICES OF THE MUNCIE NATURAL-GAS LAND IMPROVEMENT CO., MUNCIE, IND.

The Company own and control nearly 2,000 acres of land in and adjoining the city, and the main streets run through it. The belt-line railroad also passes through the property, and street-cars will soon be running. Broad and beautiful avenues are being made, and the land has been laid out into house and business lots, factory-sites, and large sales are being made daily.

The Company is also taking steps to secure other valuable gas-lands, and will in time control thousands of acres of the most valuable and greatest money-producing lands in the world.

## AN INVITING FIELD FOR CAPITALISTS.

No city in this great country of ours is attracting so much attention, or presents such splendid opportunities for capitalists and investors, as does Muncie to-day.

Property is literally dirt-cheap when the fact is considered that the conditions are ripe for a phenomenally rapid advance in prices. The contractor and builder is here presented with a field which has seldom been equaled. A house a day is the record of building the past year, and yet there are required three hundred to meet the demands of tenants, and it is estimated that at least 1,500 will be built during the coming year.

The purchase of lots and building of houses for rent will pay a net profit of from 20 to 25 per cent. annually, and they can be rented as fast as built.

## THE REAL-ESTATE INVESTOR AND SPECULATOR.

It is an admitted fact that more money is made in real estate than any other one thing in the world. The real estate of the earth is its mightiest wealth. Go read the records and history of New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Kansas City, Wichita, Denver and Birmingham. Substantial and rapid fortunes have been made in these places, as if by the touch of a magician's wand.

Property in these cities (and hundreds of others which might be mentioned) has advanced five hundred to two thousand per cent. History repeats itself, and Muncie of to-day offers as great and grand possibilities as did any of these cities.

## PROSPECTIVE PROFITS.

Capital does not seek employment until it is assured that its investment is of a substantial and safe character. It must also be reasonably certain of fair remuneration.

Capitalists of the age in which we now live are more progressive, more enterprising, and have a broader field for operation, than the past. Gigantic enterprises are the order of the day, and capital is ever ready to grasp that which promises to pay largest dividends.

This Company has a field of unlimited possibilities. It is in the hands of men who, while conservative from a financial standpoint, are quick to grasp a situation and able to control it with a master-hand.

The Company intends to employ \$500,000 of its capital in building houses and supplying gas to consumers, believing that this amount so employed will pay twenty-five per cent. upon the investment.

## ESTIMATED VALUE OF THE COMPANY'S LAND.

Good judges estimate the value of the Company's lands to sell out in house and business lots at \$4,000,000. This is not based upon any fictitious price or prospective value, but upon the prices at which it will sell and is selling at to-day.



MUNCIE NAIL AND IRON CO. MANUFACTORY.

No account of the value of the inexhaustible and untold wealth of Natural Gas which underlies this land is taken into consideration, and it would be difficult to compute it. This Company has values and resources which should make it worth \$10,000,000, and that at no distant day.

## STOCK OF THE COMPANY.

The Company offers two propositions to investors: First, stock in the Company; Second, house and business lots of the Company.

The capital stock of the Company is \$2,000,000, divided into 20,000 shares, par value \$100 per share. Of the original \$2,000,000, \$1,584,000 has already been subscribed and paid for by Eastern and Western capitalists. Of the remaining \$416,000, a portion is offered on subscription, for a short time, at \$65 per share, after which the price will be advanced to \$75. This is the lowest figure at which the stock has ever been offered or sold, and the company are sanguine beyond all doubt that this stock will command par within ninety days.

All stock is issued full paid and non-assessable. By the investment of \$500,000 of its capital in building improvements and supplying gas to consumers, the Company can pay an annual dividend of 6 per cent. upon its entire capital stock, having money received from the sale of lots for the payment of extra dividends. Extra dividends will be paid until purchasers have received the amount of \$100 for each share of stock held by them. The sale of lots the first day they were offered amounted to \$11,000.

The sale of lots ought to increase the annual dividend at least 25 per cent., and the Company believe they will be able to pay back the original investment of stockholders within two years, and still have a splendid dividend-paying property left. The Company respectfully refer to appended letters. Should there be an excess of subscription, those of latest date will be rejected:

## CLERK'S OFFICE, DELAWARE CO.,

MUNCIE, IND., March 27th, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I have been a resident of the City of Muncie for several years past, and am well acquainted with the people, its past history and future prospects. Its rapid increase in population, wealth and manufacturing industries bespeak for it a grand future. It is the best city in the Indiana gas-fields. Property here has rapidly increased in value owing to the great interest the public have manifested in Natural Gas and its possibilities. I am acquainted with the property owned by the Muncie Natural-gas Land Improvement Co. It is good property, and cannot fail to be profitable to its owners and investors. I am personally acquainted with many of the officers and men connected with said Company, and know them to be men of integrity and financial standing.

Respectfully,  
O. J. LOTT,  
Judge of Circuit Court.

## CITY OF MUNCIE, INDIANA.

Mayor's Office, March 27th, 1889.

DEAR SIR: I have a personal acquaintance with several of the officers and members of the Muncie Natural-gas Land Improvement Company, and regard them as men of integrity and financial ability; they have a good financial standing here.

I have lived here all my life, and have seen this city's advancement and growth from a small village. Muncie is well located in a good agricultural region; has excellent railroad facilities, and an abundant supply of Natural Gas.

The real estate owned by said Company here is good and well located, and certain to advance greatly in value. There is every reason to believe, and no reason to doubt, that investments in the stock and in the lots of said Company will very soon prove to be very profitable.

Yours, respectfully,  
FRANK ELLIS,  
Mayor of the City of Muncie, Ind.

## A SAFE AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENT.

Nothing can be more safe, solid and substantial than an investment in Muncie, whether it be in house or business lots or stock of the Company. Loss is impossible, and the prospect of large and certain profit is all that the most careful and conservative could ask for.

The indications are that the advertisements of Muncie's advantages, the locating of factories and improvements upon the Company's property, will give it one of the biggest booms known in the history of cities, and from one hundred to one thousand per cent. will be made by those who are fortunate enough to invest early.

Savings-banks and insurance companies may fail, bonds depreciate and railroad-stock become worthless, but an investment in real estate in the staple and secure soil of mother earth is as permanent and lasting as time.

Here the rich capitalist can invest his tens of thousands; the thrifty merchant, mechanic or farmer, his thousands; and the laborer, his hundreds, with the absolute certainty of large and remunerative profits.

## PRICE OF LOTS.

No price on residence or business lots can be given that will hold good for any length of time, but the Company is now selling desirable business and house lots at from \$200 to \$700. Size of lots are 40 x 125 to 50 x 125.

These prices are subject to advance without notice. Sale of lots the first day they were offered reached \$11,000. Early purchasers will secure the profit made by any advance of prices by the Company.

A beautifully illustrated pamphlet, giving the history and development of Natural Gas, a description of Muncie past and present, its manufacturing industries, natural advantages and brilliant prospects, will be forwarded upon application, together with plat of the Company's lands, maps, price-list, etc.

The Company would be glad to secure reliable, representative men in all cities and towns to represent them.

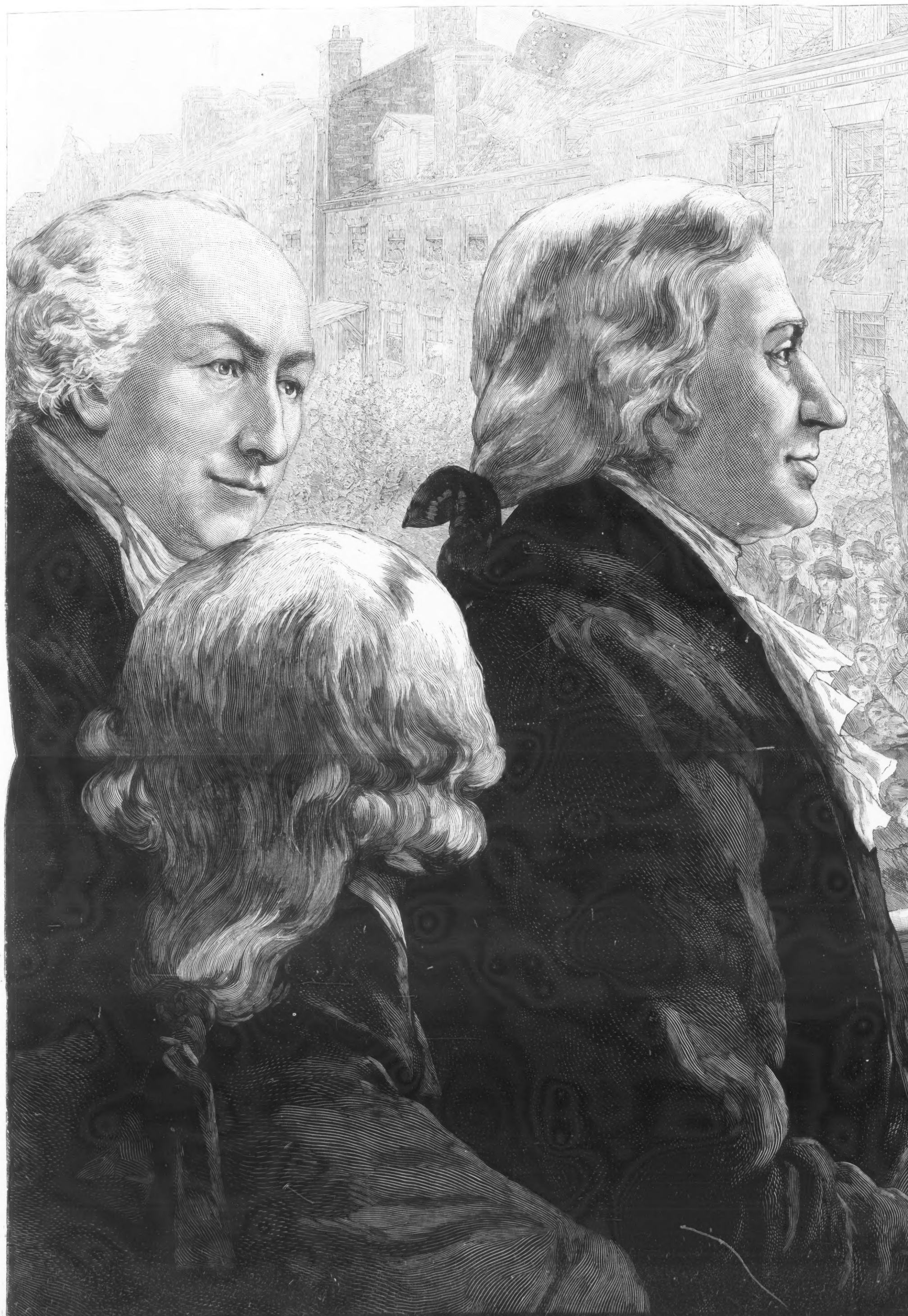
Full particulars, pamphlets, terms, etc., can be had by calling upon or addressing the

MUNCIE NATURAL-GAS LAND IMPROVEMENT CO.,

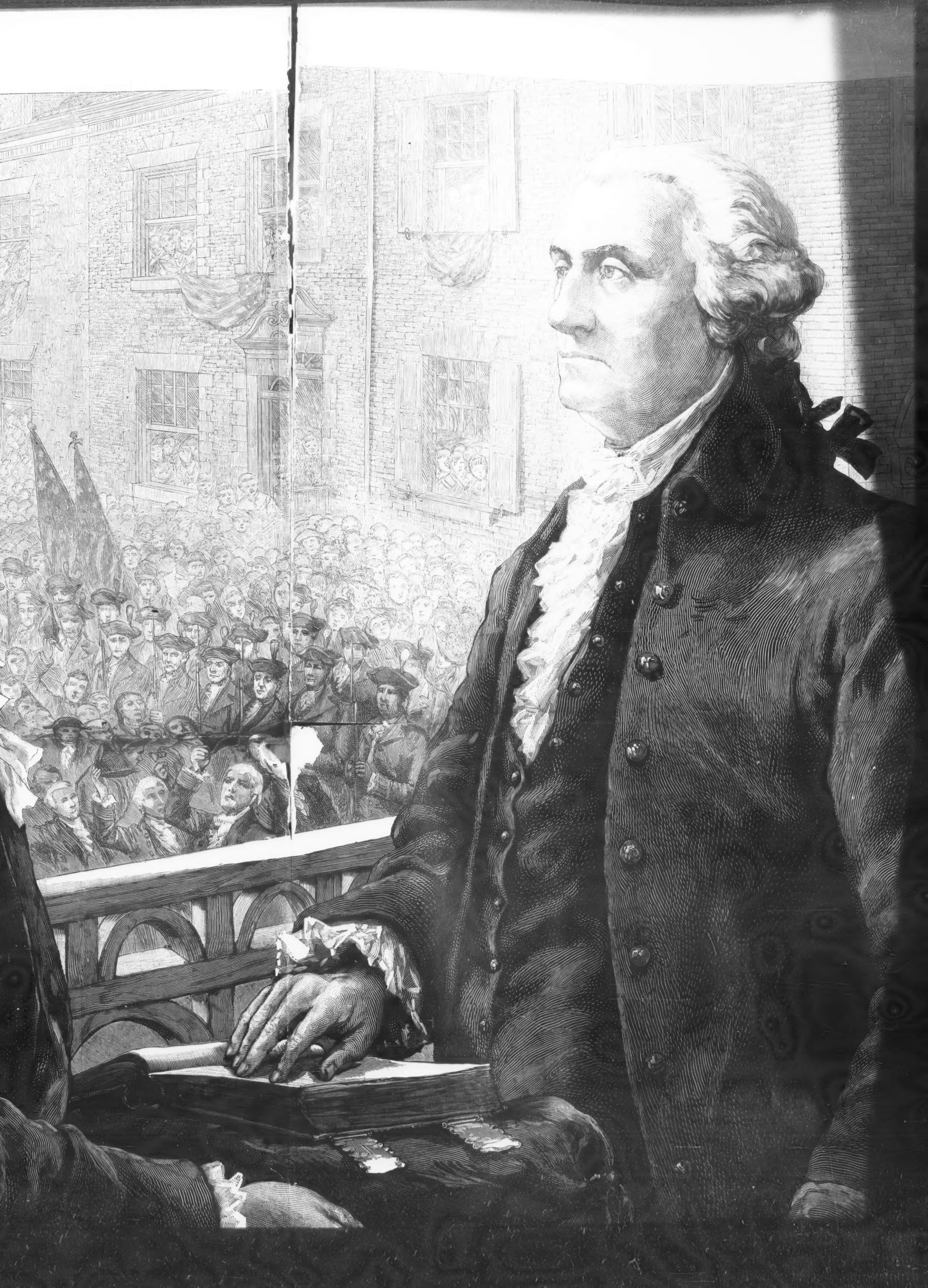
Rooms 81 and 82,

45 BROADWAY, NEW YORK; OR MUNCIE, INDIANA.













GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE





OFFICE AS THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THE BALCONY OF THE OLD CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 30th, 1789.







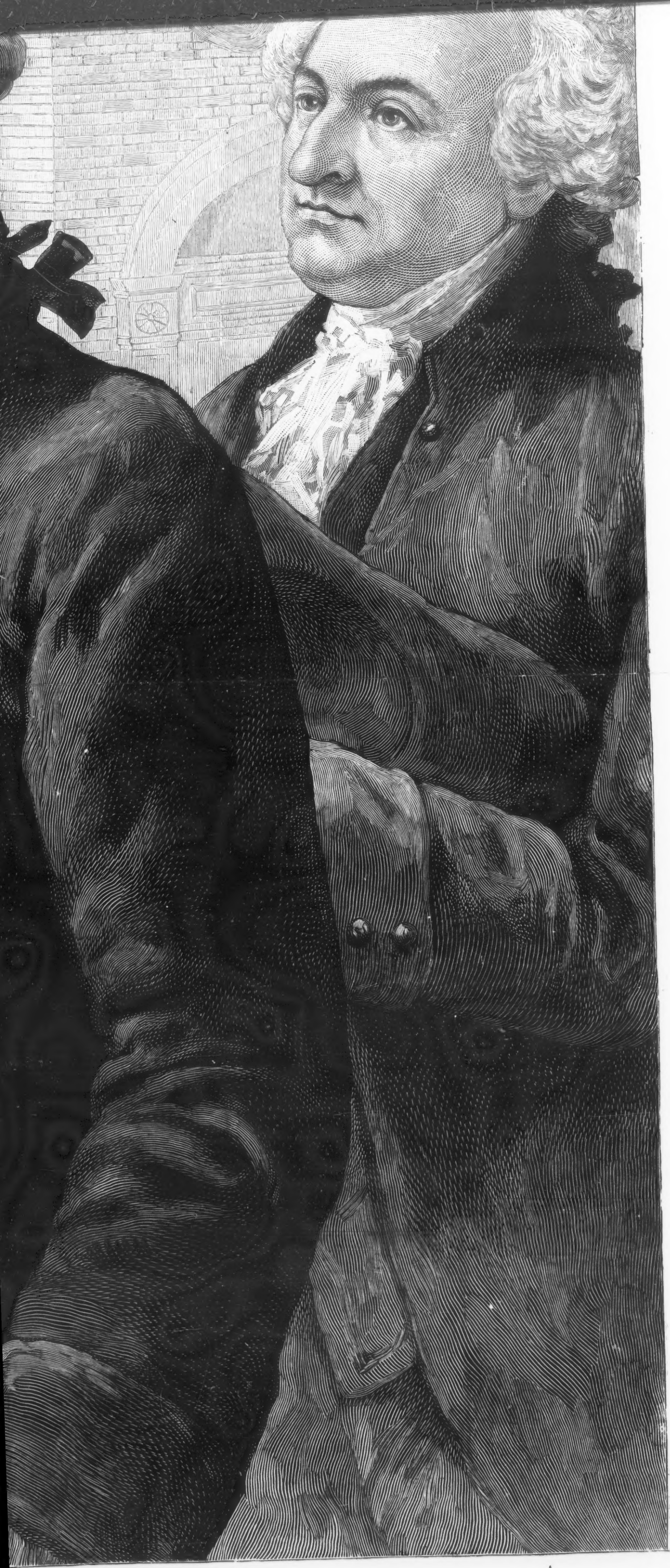






T PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, ON THE  
APRIL 30th, 1789.

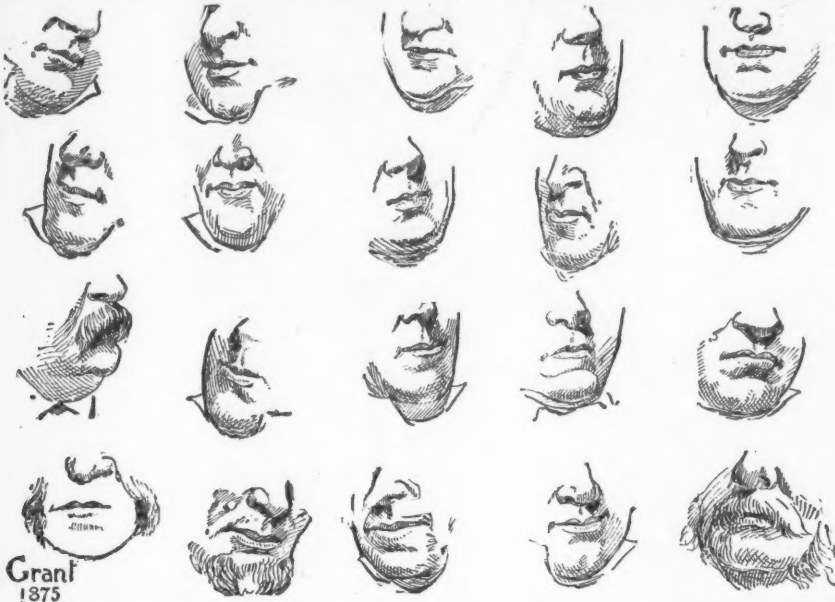




THE BALCONY OF FEDERAL HALL,



## THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.'S PRESIDENT PUZZLE.



It is a curious fact that all but three Presidents of the United States have SHAVED. It might almost be said to follow, that if one desires to be President he *must* shave. It can be said truthfully that if one *does* shave, he cannot know the LUXURY of shaving *except* he use WILLIAMS' famous "GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP."

To still further introduce this famous soap, which is now used by "crowned heads" as well as by a vast army of "shavers" in nearly every part of the globe, we offer the following

### PRIZE.

Cut out this advertisement, and write opposite each one of these chins the correct name of the President to whom it belonged. (For example, see Grant's chin as it was in 1875.) Send this to us with 10 cents to defray expense of packing, postage, etc., and we will send you by mail, FREE, a full-sized cake of the famous "GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP."

All men who shave should test this celebrated article.

WIVES, MOTHERS or CHILDREN may accept this *instructive* offer, and obtain a cake of this famous Shaving Soap for a HUSBAND, FATHER, BROTHER or FRIEND.

Address all replies to

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn.

FOR HALF A CENTURY MAKERS OF FINE SHAVING SOAPS.

**SALESMEN** We wish a few men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Largest manufacturers in our line. Enclose 2-cent stamp. Wages \$3 Per Day. Permanent position. No postal answer. Address: Centennial Manufacturing Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

**ESTERBROOK'S STEEL PENS.**  
Leading Nos.: 048, 14, 130, 135, 333, 161.  
For Sale by all Stationers.  
THE ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO.,  
Works: Camden, N. J. 26 John St., New York.

ANY person writing good hand send 2-cent stamp for good news to 721 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

**RUPTURE**  
Positively cured in 60 days by Dr. J. L. Stephens' Remedy, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have painlessly cured more than 10,000 cases. NO PAY TILL CURED. Address THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., LEBANON, OHIO.

**OPIUM**  
or Morphine Habit in every form can only be cured by the Dr. J. L. Stephens' Remedy, which never fails, while no other treatment ever cures. We have painlessly cured more than 10,000 cases. NO PAY TILL CURED. Address THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., LEBANON, OHIO.

**PENSIONS** for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. Pensions increased. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet free. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

**M. CRANE,**  
Electrotyper and Stereotyper,  
17, 19 and 21 COLLEGE PLACE, New York.

**Nervous, Tired Women Now Cured by Food.**  
Nervous exhaustion is now known to come from malnutrition of the nerves. A noted scientist has discovered that if the albumen which feeds the nerves is not fully digested to the consistency of water, it cannot be absorbed by them; hence their starvation and exhaustion. They are therefore nourished only in proportion to the ability of the stomach to prepare their food, which is the most difficult to digest of all the foods. Not one stomach in five can prepare a sufficient quantity for the overworked. Hitherto artificial digestion has only been able to but partially do its work for the coarser circulatory vessels. Three years ago this deficiency was overcome in the manufacture of the Moxie Nerve Food, which has shown before the U. S. Courts many old cases of helpless paralysis and nervous wrecks recovered by it. It helps the nervous, tired and overworked in a few hours, leaving no reaction. See a qt. bottle. 66 University Pl., N. Y.

**AEOLIAN HARPS**  
Improved construction. Fine instruments and charming effects. A beautiful addition to a home. Catalogue free. THE G. J. HOLBROOK CO., 88 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

**\$230 A MONTH.** Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

**OPIUM**  
Morphine and Whisky Habits painlessly cured. Treatment sent on trial free. Confidentially address H. L. KRAMER, Sec., Box 50 Lafayette, Ind.

**IMPROVED OIL-LIGHT, MAGIC LANTERNS.**  
Also Lime and Electric Light Apparatus, and mechanical, plain and fine colored Views.

J. B. COLT & CO., Manufacturers,  
No. 16 Beekman Street, New York.

**LADIES AND GENTS!**  
**One Pair Free!**

One Pair of Elegant Satin Embossed Slippers, in seven shades and colors, FREE. Enclose 7 cts. postage, and I will send them by mail.

OHIO SLIPPER HOUSE,  
Richmond Centre, Ohio.

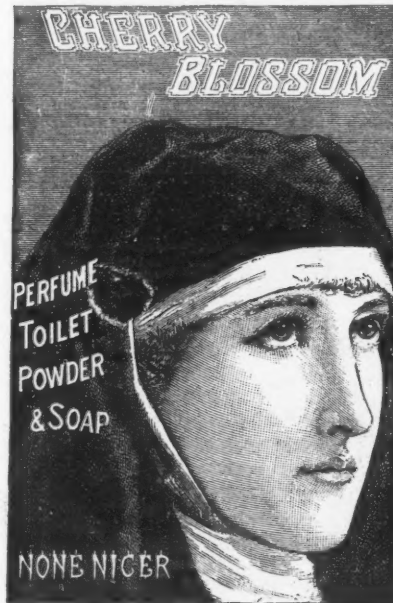
Mention Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

**WE WANT A RELIABLE PERSON**  
IN YOUR COUNTY  
to superintend the putting up of signs and taking up of large show cards and advertisements of our goods in all public places, on trees, fences and turnpikes in town and country. Wages, \$2.50 per day, steady work for one or two years, at home or to travel through two or more adjoining counties, in town and country, working from four to six days per week, local work for all or part of the time. Money advanced for wages, expenses, etc. No talking required. Address, enclosing two-cent stamp for reply, J. C. EMORY & CO., Palace Building, Cincinnati, Ohio. No attention paid to postal cards.

**LADY** Agents \$10 a day SURE; new rubber underwear. MRS. H. F. LITTLE, Chicago, Ill.

**FACIAL BLEMISHES**  
The Largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Scars, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Scars, Pitting, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.  
**JOHN H. WOODBURY**  
DERMATOLOGIST,  
210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y.  
Use Woodbury's Facial Soap. By Mail, 50 cts.

**New York**  
**ADVERTISING**  
**AGENCY.**  
LIMITED.  
6 WALL ST. 5 PINE ST. 96 BROADWAY.  
**NEW YORK.**  
GENERAL NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING  
IN ALL PAPERS AND  
PERIODICALS THROUGHOUT  
**THE WORLD.**  
ESTIMATES FREE.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

Active men can make from \$5 to \$10 a day selling  
**The Self-lighting Pocket Lamp.**

Recommends itself; sells at sight; guaranteed to all purchasers.

A perfect, instantaneous, self-lighting lamp of convenient size for the vest pocket, and for home uses, superior to matches; match receptacle and candle, embracing all in one, with greater safety. A perfect light for carrying about the house and entirely removing the dangerous use of matches. To a cigar and cigarette smoker, and others in the habit of carrying matches, the Self-lighting Pocket Lamp is indispensable. The Self-lighting Pocket Lamp is made of brass, highly finished and nickel-plated, and warranted to work. The turning of a screw gives you a light as long as needed.

In order to place the Self-lighting Pocket Lamp within the reach of all, it is offered for the moderate price of 50 cents, including 200 extra lights, put up in a finely finished brass case. Price list—Self-lighting Lamp, including 225 lights each, retail, 50 cts.; per doz., \$3.50; per gross, \$36. Additional lighting-strips are put up in 1,000 lights in box, 3 doz. boxes in package. Single box, 1,000 lights, 10c; per dozen boxes, 75c; per gross, \$7. Special discount on large orders furnished on application to

**WILLIAM MAYBAUM & CO.,**  
Patentees and Sole Manufacturers, Knickerbocker Building, 6th and Arch Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Our goods cannot be sent by mail, but will be sent by express on receipt of above price, cash, with order, bank draft or post-office order.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
25 CTS.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Olinburg, Ind., Nov. 20.—Dr. J. L. Stephens' Remedy has produced a hearty appetite on my upper lip in 1 week. My face was so (1) (2) (3) (4) (5) (6) (7) (8) (9) (10) (11) (12) (13) (14) (15) (16) (17) (18) (19) (20) (21) (22) (23) (24) (25) (26) (27) (28) (29) (30) (31) (32) (33) (34) (35) (36) (37) (38) (39) (40) (41) (42) (43) (44) (45) (46) (47) (48) (49) (50) (51) (52) (53) (54) (55) (56) (57) (58) (59) (60) (61) (62) (63) (64) (65) (66) (67) (68) (69) (70) (71) (72) (73) (74) (75) (76) (77) (78) (79) (80) (81) (82) (83) (84) (85) (86) (87) (88) (89) (90) (91) (92) (93) (94) (95) (96) (97) (98) (99) (100) (101) (102) (103) (104) (105) (106) (107) (108) (109) (110) (111) (112) (113) (114) (115) (116) (117) (118) (119) (120) (121) (122) (123) (124) (125) (126) (127) (128) (129) (130) (131) (132) (133) (134) (135) (136) (137) (138) (139) (140) (141) (142) (143) (144) (145) (146) (147) (148) (149) (150) (151) (152) (153) (154) (155) (156) (157) (158) (159) (160) (161) (162) (163) (164) (165) (166) (167) (168) (169) (170) (171) (172) (173) (174) (175) (176) (177) (178) (179) (180) (181) (182) 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WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION  
AS FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE  
UNITED STATES.

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 30TH, 1789.

IT was nearly a week's journey from Mount Vernon to New York when General George Washington, as President-elect of the United States, made his triumphal progress to the newly created Federal capital, one hundred years ago. After the enthusiastic popular greetings at Philadelphia, Trenton and Elizabethtown, and the picturesque water voyage along the Kill Van Kull and across New York Harbor, in the stately barge rowed by Commodore Nicholson's crew of thirteen masters of vessels, all in white uniforms, amidst the salutes of vessels decked with the flags of all nations, Washington landed at Murray's Wharf (now the foot of Wall Street), East River, about noon on the 21st of April.

It was a fair Spring day, the waters sparkling, and the trees bourgeoning into tender leaf and bloom. Crowds of people lined the banks of the river. Flags were flying, guns booming, the sound of music and cheers was everywhere, and the whole town, with its surrounding waters, wore a joyous holiday appearance. Governor Clinton received the President-elect and his suite on the crimson-carpeted stairs of the ferry-wharf, and they were conducted by the militia, municipal officials, Committee of Congress, etc., and a multitude of citizens, to the mansion which had been selected as the official residence of the President—the Walter Franklin house, on Franklin Square. Here the ceremonial greetings and congratulations took place, after which Washington dined at the Gubernatorial residence in Pearl Street. In the evening there was a general illumination.

With the President-elect installed in the Franklin mansion, and John Adams—who had already, on the 19th, taken the oath as Vice-president and assumed his place at the head of the Senate—at suburban Richmond Hill (now the prosaic crossing-point of Varick and Charlton Streets), the six days intervening before the inauguration ceremonial the city was given over to a cheerful bustle of preparation, foreshadowing that through which our modern Gotham has been passing for a fortnight past. Provincial sight-seers poured in from all parts of the surrounding country, and even from the most distant States, until the hospitable resources of the town were taxed to the uttermost.

The national salute from the guns in the harbor, at sunrise, on the 30th of April, ushered in the culminating ceremonial of the creation of our nation's government, with the beloved hero Washington at its head. The streets were thronged with expectant multitudes, every individual eager to look upon his face. Business was completely suspended. Solemn religious services in the various churches opened the exercises of the day, and then began the military movements, with inspiring martial music. At noon the Senate and House Committees, and a delegation of distinguished private citizens, headed the grand procession which escorted Washington in his "chariot," from the Presidential mansion, along Pearl and Broad Streets, to the Federal Hall. This building, which had undergone extensive alterations at the hands of the eminent architect and engineer L'Enfant, stood on Wall Street at the corner of Nassau, the entrance fronting on Broad. It was a large and impressive building for those times, and, with its great windows of the Senate Chamber opening on a balcony twelve feet deep on the Wall Street side, it was admirably adapted to serve as the theatre of a momentous, historic ceremonial.

Arrived at the Federal Hall, Washington and his distinguished attendants entered the Senate Chamber, where Congress was assembled. Vice-president Adams formally introduced the President-elect to that body, and then addressed him as follows: "Sir, the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States are ready to attend you to take the oath required by the Constitution, which will be administered by the Chancellor of the State of New York."

Washington, having signified his readiness to proceed, was conducted to the balcony. He approached the iron railing, between two of the massive pillars, and stood with uncovered head, gazing down upon the vast assemblage that filled the streets and housetops. Profound silence reigned, after the first acclaim of welcome, as the tall figure of the Country's Father stood before his people, in the familiar suit of fine, dark-brown homespun, with silk stockings, silver-buckled shoes on his feet, and his powdered hair gathered in a queue behind, after the fashion of his time. Then Chancellor Livingston, in his robes, approached and stood before Washington, while between the two, and facing the multitude, the Secretary of the Senate held an open Bible, reposing upon a crimson velvet cushion.

The Chancellor deliberately pronounced the

words of the oath, and Washington bowed to kiss the holy Book, saying, in a low, deep voice, and with closed eyes: "I swear, so help me God."

"Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" proclaimed Chancellor Livingston, waving his hand to the multitude.

Instantly a mighty, prolonged shout went up, to which, as the flag shot up on the cupola, the roaring guns on the Battery made reply. Washington bowed to the assemblage, and then, returning to the Senate Chamber, delivered, with visible emotion, the brief inaugural address which Madison had helped him to prepare.

One more act closed the day's ceremonies, previous to the feasting, fire-works and illuminations of the evening, and that was, the visit to St. Paul's Church, on Broadway, whither the President, Vice-president, Speaker, the two Houses of Congress, and all who had assisted at the inauguration, proceeded on foot from the Federal Hall. There, within those hallowed walls, which to day inclose the beautiful sanctuary just as it was a hundred years ago, President Washington participated in divine service conducted by Bishop Provoost; and so ended with devout and earnest prayer the formal ceremonial of the first American Presidential Inauguration.

## CASE OF THE VANISHING LADY.

COMMONWEALTH } OF JUNE SESSIONS, 1868.  
v. } No. 126.  
SMITH AND SMITH. } "CONSPIRACY," ETC.

BY W. E. GARNET.

THIS is the docket entry—a rather queer one, you'll say, if you are a lawyer. It was while I was making the memoranda for old Bolivar's will—the 24th of June, I remember it well, because it was about the first business I had had—that she first appeared. I became conscious of her presence in that queer, creepy way, you know, without knowing when she had come, or how; and when I looked up, there she sat, in the other chair (I had three chairs: one new one for myself, an old one for the boy, and one, nearly new, for clients), looking prettier than ever in her new weeds. I could have reached out and touched her, but I did not. I only said, with a great assumption of professional preoccupation, "One minute, please," and kept on at my memoranda.

I had a double purpose in this. Old Bolivar was really *in extremis*, and the will had to be done and executed before he died, if I was to be the attorney for the executors—which was very desirable, indeed, since my rent was due from the time I had taken the office, and my boy's wages unpaid for about the same length of time. Both the landlord and the boy annoyed me a little about this, but while I could make it plain to the boy that his services were worth nothing to me as long as I had no business, I was not as successful with the landlord. But my stronger reason was that, that one glance had assured me that I was still in love with her—notwithstanding her mercenary marriage, and notwithstanding the hopes I had for some months entertained of old Bolivar's niece. So, I wanted to get control of my very agitated countenance before facing her, which I meant to do, when I did it, with my most frigid professional smile—without a particle of that friendly recognition I was sure she expected. I wanted to make her *feel* her perfidy.

Since it was more for this purpose than to compass the repose of old Bolivar's soul that I wished for this moment, it was not strange that the rest of my memorandum was rather maudlin:

"Lastly, I give, devise and bequeath unto my beloved Widow Smith the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in Government sixes, to have and to hold, to her own proper use and behoof, without control of, or liability for any debts of, any husband of the said Widow Smith—"

Here my better self flared up at the base insinuation of my worse self.

"Bah!" I said (I used that word a great deal); "how do you know she's a widow?"

"Look at her weeds," said my worse self, triumphantly.

"Bah!" said I, again. "Weeds! weeds! they signify nothing. There may have been a child—there was time; and Uncle Wellington's—widow! Bah!"

"Well," said the other self, hopefully, "in that little glance I seemed to see a timid look of appeal in the eye toward me, such as widows use to old friends—just friends."

At this my worse self subsided, and I felt a little awkward, because I was not sure that my part of this dialogue had not been spoken aloud. However, my moment was more than gone now, and, after all, I had acquired quite sufficient of my professional manner for the purpose in hand. I glanced again and again, in the careful, reassuring way we lawyers have, at the memorandum, and then faced about in

a tired, preoccupied fashion, as if my business were greater than I could bear, saying, indifferently: "I beg your pardon, madam, but—"

She was gone—clean gone.

"Here!" I yelled at the office-boy (I don't know why I always got mad at Bill; I suppose it was the mere convenience of it). "Why the deuce can't you keep awake? When did that woman go?"

"Woman?" said Bill, staring, and rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, woman, you fool! Don't you know a woman when you see one?"

"I must 'a' be'n asleep," said Bill.

"Do you mean to say, right before my face, that you didn't see the lady who sat here with—with an ebony handle and a veil on her parasol, and light hair and one glove—at all?"

This looks rather involved, I know, and is not the way one talks in books; but it sounded all right to Bill, who was rather illiterate.

"No, I didn't," Bill said. "I must 'a' be'n asleep. I didn't see or hear nothin'—but you a-talkin' to yourself like you was flighty."

"Me—talking to myself!" I yelled. "Come here!"

Bill came sidling toward me, keeping one eye on me. I took him by the ear.

"Here, this way with your nose! What do you smell?"

"Perfume, be gosht—like wimmen wears!"

"Now say I talk to myself again, will you?" and I'm sorry to say that I gave Bill's ear a vicious twist, and called him a lunkhead and other names like that, at which, as usual, he whimpered something about his wages, which I've forgotten.

However, abusing Bill could not mend what now seemed to me not only an act of extreme discourtesy, but a cold-blooded renunciation of a possible fee, which, for a man in my circumstances, was the height of folly.

"Here, write up this will carefully, and take it up to Mr. Bolivar for his signature, at once."

There were no business secrets between Bill and me. He knew as much about Mr. Bolivar, and the travail out of which I had brought his will, as I did; and I knew that, with the book of forms before him, I could trust him.

I smoothed the dents out of my Derby as well as I could, and went out. It was my first thought to go right up to her city house on Broad Street and apologize—lie a little, in fact. Tell her that, not knowing of their return (I meant to emphasize "their" with fine scorn) nor of any bereavement, I had not recognized her in her weeds. But my better self rejected this plan with scorn, yet I stuck to it, and after a long debate with myself overcame all scruples; so, having selected a nickel, I got on a car and stood upon the platform the whole way up, though the conductor, with great hospitality, invited me inside a number of times. The house was shuttered up as it had been for two years. The conductor seemed to think I wanted to get off there, and stopped the car. I got off and spoke to the patrolman at the saloon on the corner.

"Empty! Can't you see the spider in the key-hole? Why, he's gittin' fat!" and he turned his back upon me haughtily, and winked to the bartender.

I felt that I owed him something for this information, but was ashamed to offer him any part of the paltry sum I had about me, so I begged him to drink with me. This he did in a very kindly way. In fact, he seemed to have forgotten at once our little difficulty, and invited the bartender to drink with me, too. He was an excellent fellow also; and I remember explaining my case to them, and getting a good deal of sympathy on account of the stupidity of Bill. I don't remember anything more just then, except that the bartender asked for the loan of my sleeve-buttons—which I remember because I thought it a little strange.

She seemed to have some connection with old Bolivar's will, for the next time she appeared was when I was trying to devise a way for the executors out of the trouble old Bolivar had occasioned them by a legacy of \$100,000, in Government sixes, due '98, to one Widow Smith—a person entirely unknown to them, except in the aggregate—and cutting off his pretty niece without a cent. Some months had elapsed, and the will had not yet been proved or registered. Indeed, no one but the executors, and Bill and myself, had ever seen it; though the heirs were threatening lustily, and the reporters, scenting a mortuary item, were instant in season and out of season. Of course I except old Bolivar, who had some knowledge of the will, and the niece, who I suspected of knowing something of it also, since she had dismissed me, with great scorn, for no apparent reason.

"It's an ugly thing, sir, Mr. Smith, sir," said Mr. Chandler, the senior executor, accusatively. "It will never do to publish to the world that we have \$100,000, in Government sixes, for a 'beloved Widow Smith,' sir. How many Widow Smiths do you suppose there are in this very city, beloved and not beloved?"

"Yes, and in the world, sir?" said Mr. Richardson, the little executor, with extreme scorn—"in the whole world, sir?"

"Yes, sir, in the whole world, sir?" echoed his senior.

I was silent; but I saw well enough that they suspected me of tampering with the will and old Bolivar's confidence.

"Mr. Smith, sir," said Mr. Chandler, dramatically, "the name, I say, is the same. Smith, sir."

"A werry common name, sir," said Bill.

"You, Bill!" I shouted, savagely.

"A werry common name, sir," Bill repeated, calmly.

Mr. Chandler had put up his eye-glass, and was looking Bill over carefully; he had not seen him before. Mr. Richardson did the same. Then they nodded seriously to each other, and Mr. Chandler, turning to me, said, solemnly: "Mr. Smith, sir, let there be no concealment—no collusion, here."

Then he turned to Bill, smiling beautifully, and gently twirling his glasses.

"Er—William," he said, softly. "Er—what do you know about this will? Hem!"

Bill was strangely silent.

"He doesn't answer to the name of William," I said; "call him Bill."

Mr. Chandler repeated his question with some slight variations necessitated by the change from poetry to prose, so to speak.

"Er—Bill, what do you know about this will?"—and he smiled again.

Again he had unwittingly struck poetry, and Bill laughed irreverently, and looking at me, said: "Great! Ain't it?"

"Shut up!" I said, severely.

"Er—I want to know, Bill—" Mr. Chandler began, with a tragic frown now.

"Oh, all correct," said Bill. He stopped and looked at me, and I winked softly, and looked out the window. "I don't know nothin'," he said, then, with an evident change of base. "I was asleep; I'm most always asleep—w'en anythin's a-goin' oan. I don't never go to the base-ball matches, because—"

I was afraid that Bill would say some needless thing—as like as not something about his wages—and thus hold me up to their further scorn; so I winked at him furiously, and had the satisfaction of seeing him shut up like a clam.

"Mr. Smith, sir," said Chandler, insultingly, "I saw you wink, sir, to this boy, Mr. William, sir. I heard you use certain opprobrious terms in answer to my civil questions to your boy William. Mr. William, good-day, sir. Mr. Smith, sir, good-day, sir."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Richardson—"yes, sir, Mr. Smith, sir, good-day, sir. Mr. William, good-day, sir."

And in this ominous way they left me—left us; we had to stick together now.

"Great!" said Bill.

"Yes, Bill," said I; "but those fellows'll do us a mischief."

"Then," said Bill, "we'll have to circumnavigate 'em."

That's what I was about—thinking, in Bill's phraseology, how to circumnavigate them: this thought set me to drawing circles and circles, double-circles, and, presently, the portraits of the co-executors inside of them. I'm not much of an artist, and I didn't make them handsomer than they were; but they were still too handsome for me; and I was jabbing at them with my fountain pen, which let blotches of ink down on them at every jab, when she appeared again.

I kept at work on the portraits, and glanced out of the corner of my eye at her, and pretty as she was, I hardened my heart against her and said, coldly:

"Madam, your conduct the last time you did me the honor to call was anything but satisfactory. You succeeded in getting me into an ugly scrape; in fact, induced me to commit a crime, madam—a crime—"

I saw her grow pale when I repeated the word, and I was satisfied, for I am a soft-hearted fellow, only I wanted her to cry. I was prepared to comfort her in a satisfactory fashion the moment that she should shed a tear.

"—Crime!" I repeated, in a fierce staccato, jabbing viciously at the portrait of the junior executor, whom I liked least. Then, I faced sternly about, intending first to visit my full indignation upon her with the following words, and then to relent; for since the pretty niece had failed to appreciate me, things were changed somewhat: "And then you—coolly—walked off!"

That was what I intended to say to her, and in just that style; but she was gone. I seemed to see her dissolve, though I guess I did not; but there was certainly a disturbance in the atmosphere.

"Bill—Bill, why the deuce can't you try and keep awake?" I said, as gently as I could under the circumstances.

"I dunno," said Bill.

"Now, did you see that woman go out?"



"Which?" said Bill. "The one with the papersol and things, ag'in?"

"Yes," I said, eagerly, "papersol—light hair—vell—glove."

"Well, I did'n see no woman all day, 'cept the colored washerwoman with 'er bill."

Bill chuckled a little, and I looked at him that angry way again, and said, emphatically: "What!" He knew what I meant.

"Well, I must 'a' be'n asleep."

I ought to have known that this was Bill's ultimatum, but my temper had got the better of my discretion.

"The very Fiend's in you boys," I said. "Wer! you asleep? that's the question."

"I dunno," said Bill; then, with sullen irrelevance, "I wisht you'd pay me suthin' now."

"Who spoke about pay?" said I, hotly.

"Nobuddy but me," said Bill.

"By thunder, I've a mind to—"

"I wisht you would," said Bill, interrupting a fierce threat.

I had to smile a little at this persistent familiarity, and said, rather more kindly: "Well, if you couldn't see, then, I suppose, as usual, you could hear. Only one of your senses seems to work at a time."

"Dunno," said Bill. "Heard you talkin' that a-way ag'in—like you was off your base—only a darn sight worse."

"Just as I thought," I said, with withering irony. "You sleep with your eyes shut and your ears open."

"Well, don't you?" said Bill.

"Here!" I said, taking him firmly by the ear, to show that my authority was undiminished—"here! what do you smell?"

"That berfume ag'in, like wimmen has!"

I'm sorry to say I chastised Bill once more, without adequate cause, and charged him to have his eyes open when she came again, upon peril of losing his place. He replied that he would go any time I could spare him, that it didn't pay him to stay. I could never understand Bill's morbid anxiety about his wages.

My impression is that Bill soon afterward found a better job. I was glad of it; because I could never have made a good lawyer of him. At all events, he was not there when she appeared again, to listen or sleep—poor Bill! It was in the county jail, where the co-executor, and the heirs and assigns of old Bolivar, not excepting the pretty niece, had combined to send me for conspiracy to defraud somebody or something not ascertained exactly at the time of my arrest.

I sat on my cot contemplating sadly the remnants of the many friendships which the necessity for jail had shattered, when I became conscious of that perfume I had such abundant reason to remember. There she stood, with tears in her eyes, and the ebony-handled papersol. I looked upon her with the saddest expression a malefactor can command, and her tears flowed afresh.

"Madam," I said, "have you come to get me into further trouble, or simply to gloat over me in fiendish glee?"

"No, nephew," she said, gently, "I came to help you—on—out; I came as fast as steam would carry me—when I knew. I arrived on the City of Winnebago yesterday. I only waited till the funeral was over: then I came. I—I—oo-oo!—had to come—a constable brought me!—oo-oo! But I'd a-come anyhow!"

"What!" I said. "You too—in the—ah, grasp of the law! This is villainous. Then you are the Widow Smith, my alleged co-conspirator?"

"Yes," she said, meekly, "Wellington's dead—since the 20th of June!" and then I thought she made an effort to cry again.

"I'm glad of it," I said, savagely. "I wish he'd died before any other decent man would—then—"

At this she smiled brightly.

"Look here," I said, "how did you know of this?"

"I don't know, nephew, and yet I know I knew." She saw I was displeased with her language, and tried to mend it. "I mean, don't you know, that I don't know how I know I—became aware of it. It must 'a' been a dream, or a clairvoyance—or—something!"

"Look here," I said, sternly, "your language don't please me. Now look me in the eye and answer me one question: Were you—in—my—office—twice—or not?"

"I was," and she looked me straight in the eye, though I made it terribly hard for her.

"And yet you say you just got back from Europe yesterday?"

"I do," she said, solemnly.

"Explain this, madam," said I.

"I can't," said she, weeping a little.

"Are you a—spirit?" I said, in an awful voice.

"No-o! no-o! no-o! Look at me!"

She was feeling very badly, and I pitied her. I furtively slipped my arm around her, and was convinced. She did not vanish, and I knew she could not.

"Now let us fix our bail," she said.

I saw the detectives soon after. They had

made up a very strong case against us, they said, and they wanted a good deal of money to abandon it. They staked their whole case, they said, upon the testimony of the Widow Smith, myself, the patrolman who had drank with me, and the bartender and Bill. I could not see any way out of it for the life of me. It was wonderful—the work of those two men.

I spoke to the widow about it, and gave her my legal opinion as expressed above, but at greater length. She was always of a thrifty turn, and so she said at once that while we could corrupt the policeman, the bartender and Bill with a ten-dollar bill each, we could not afford to corrupt the detectives. I knew that what she said was true—in fact, I knew her price for Bill was high; but I said nothing, thinking the balance might be credited upon his wages, the rest to be made up by me somehow. She asked me, in rather a halting voice, whether the detectives would not take less. I said that I would go and see. Then she laughed in a queer sort of way I did not understand, but I went. They said flatly No: they would not take a cent less. It was cheap at the figure offered. They had never offered anybody such a bargain before. This made me feel very badly.

"Well," said the widow, firmly, when I told her, "then we must get married."

"What!" I said. "Who said anything about getting married?"

"I did," she said. "Shall I say it again?"

"No," I said, "it is unnecessary. I am much obliged, but I can't marry my aunt."

"Why not? I married your uncle."

This I could not deny. Her very persistent and friendly use of the pronoun "*we*" had prepared me for something, but not this. Besides, I was not sure of the law upon the subject, and I had learned a great deal of law lately. Could a man marry his aunt?

"But why," I said, cautiously, "do you wish so to marry me?"

"My motive is entirely selfish. Then you can't prove against me."

"By thunder," I exclaimed, this king of Bill, "that's so. And you can't testify against me—aha, ha, ha! You mean testify, don't you?"

"I don't know what I mean; I know what we've got to do," she said, as if the whole thing was her discovery, and she had a patent on it, when it was simply statute law. That's the way with women.

"But—I'm not sure about the law," I said; "and law's a bad thing to fool with."

"Oh, bother the law!" she said. "We've had enough of it. We'll let it alone."

"But he's only been dead two months."

"Going on three," she corrected.

"Yes, but the law—"

"But—but—but," she said, gayly, waving me a kiss at the door, "Necessity knows no law—no buts. Let us—*you*—be Necessity," she laughed, in that queer way again.

"Yes, but—" I began again.

"Yes, but? You marry or you go to jail. Am I not your bail? If the former, *au revoir*. If the latter, fare thee well."

She went away laughing gayly, and I must confess that I never saw her look so pretty. She came back, in a moment, still laughing, to say: "Come in a carriage, nephew mine—*au revoir*."

So, when the case came on for trial at the October Sessions, the Clerk got up and called, as they do: "Oyez! oyez! oyez!—Widow Smith! Widow Smith! Widow Smith!—come forth! come forth! come forth!"

Then my wife rose right up in front of him, looking uncommonly nice, and said:

"May it please your Honor, there is no such person."

"What!" said the judge, sharply. "Don't tell me that! Who are you?" for they all knew her, and all knew about the case.

"I am Mrs. Smith," she said, with great dignity; and then, according to programme, I stood up beside her.

"Thunder!" said the detective; "she's vanished again, and forever, I expect."

Then I laughed, and everybody laughed, and the old judge smiled a little himself, and said:

"U-m! I see! Are there no other witnesses in this case besides the defendant?"

Well, they had to say No, because Bill and the policeman were off on a picnic at Schützen Park with the bartender.

"Well, gentlemen of the jury, you are excused from further consideration of this case. Commonwealth against Smith and Smith *nolle pross'd*."

When we went out, the boys cheered us, and I threw them all my change.

That is the Case of the Vanishing Lady, so called, and, though I don't practice any more, because I am kept busy attending to my wife's property, I like to tell about it. It was a great victory for us, wasn't it?

That's—let me see—ten, twenty years ago, and the Orphans' Court is still looking for the Widow Smith, and insists upon looking in spite of all that the weary co-executors can

say. It costs the estate a good deal to demolish the annual crop of Widow Smiths that springs up in this court; but, anyhow, the pretty niece has a good job at making shirts.

## THE ACTUAL FACTS.

### A COSTA RICAN EXPERIENCE.

By C. L. CHARLES.

I REMEMBER distinctly that I went down to dinner at six o'clock, directly the gong had sounded. There was only one person in the dining-room—a stranger. He sat facing me, a little distance off. The dining-room of the Hotel Frances is furnished with a long centre-table and many small tables along the walls on either side. The centre-table is where we take our early coffee mornings—good coffee, too, as it should be in a land of coffee—and where we break our French bread on the black-and-yellow-oiled-cloth table-cover and butter it with the soft native butter that one grows to like so well. However, the strange gentleman looked up as I entered, and seemed startled for an instant. Then he looked down again at his plate. He was young and fairly good-looking, but rather pale. I judged that he had arrived that afternoon, and was tired after his nine-league ride, with possibly a bad horse. I presumed he had come from Carrillo—it being Saturday, the day people usually arrived from that direction.

By the time the *garçon* had brought my soup, other persons—the most of whom I was well acquainted with—had entered and taken their accustomed seats. My attention was diverted by the bustle of waiters hurrying to and fro, the soft murmur of voices—some speaking French, some Spanish, a few English—until some little time had elapsed. When I had finished dining and sat sipping my coffee and lighting a cigarette, I suddenly noticed that the stranger was gone. I felt a singular shock; I had not seen him pass out—he would have had to pass close by me, my seat being near the door. I had seen no one pass out; I could have taken my oath that no one had left the dining-room. It was possible that he had made his exit through the door into the court leading to the kitchen, but not at all probable. His sudden disappearance gave me an uncomfortable yet unaccountable sensation. I sat a little longer over my coffee, then left the dining-room and went up-stairs, intending to sit in the balcony before the window of my room. I entered my room first, intending to light the candle, which the chamber-maid had already carefully balanced on the outer knob of my door. My window was open; the light muslin curtains fluttered in the cool evening breeze, and voices were wafted through to me. I paused a moment. The balcony was evidently occupied; I must remain in my room. The voices were those of a man and a woman. And there was something so peculiar about them, that I listened as one fascinated. They were the softest, most sighing, unearthly voices I ever had heard. A shiver came upon me; I could not move.

"After to-night," I heard his voice say, "I shall not come again. This is the last—the last!"

"And I," she made response—"and I shall wander elsewhere. Looking for you—always looking for you! You will go back to the North; I shall stay here—here where I loved and was happy and at peace."

"Come with me," he murmured; "come back with me. We will go at once—now—swiftly."

"No—no!" she said, shuddering as she spoke. "No; you harmed me once, and you wronged me. Never again—never again!" Her voice died away in a half-wail. At that moment two or three persons came noisily up the stairs, and passed my door to go into the balcony. I listened. They took possession of the American rocking-chairs with noisy laughter. I heard them lighting cigarettes. One of them, whom I knew very well, called to me through my window to join them. I went out reluctantly. The man and woman had gone. I asked my friend how he could have had the heart to put lovers to rout.

"Lovers!" he echoed, blankly.

"Yes—yes!" I explained to him. He looked at me incredulously.

"There was no one here," he said.

"Oh, come!" I retorted, "you met them in the passage, then. There is no other way to leave the balcony."

"Unless you jump over the railing," laughed one of the other men.

My friend struck a match. In its blaze he regarded me sharply.

"By Jove!" he cried, "you look as if you had seen a ghost!"

It was a season of *fleetas*. Everything was gay and melodious in San José. Hardly any work was done. The people went about in holiday attire; bands played in *parque* and *plaza*; processions moved through the nar-

row streets; every one talked of the grand *corrida del toro*—the bull-fight or chase to be given on the morrow. There would be ten thousand spectators—half the population of the entire city, at least. The music, the scarlet cloaks, the men in their gorgeous pink-and-blue costumes, the prancing animals with their horns decorated—all this was looked forward to with a delirious kind of joy.

My companions went away at length, and left me alone in the balcony. There was a ball somewhere which they wished to attend. I declined to accompany them.

I sat there looking out over the little *parque* below. A fountain played in the soft light. The odor of roses and jasmine were wafted up to me. The white Church of Mercedes beyond was silent and peaceful. A star came out presently over one of the Moorish belfry-domes. The intense indigo of the sky showed other golden jewels. After a little the full splendor of a tropical night was over the beautiful little city.

I was not terrified by the first tremblings of the earth that night. After the motion felt at midnight I scarcely believed there would be any more. I retired into my room, closed the window, and threw myself upon the bed. I was not sleepy at all; my nerves were upset, by what I did not precisely know. There was a good deal of electricity in the air, I reasoned. I fell into a half-doze, nevertheless, and remained thus for some hours.

It was at four in the morning when the great shock came—when houses rocked like ships in a storm, when cries arose horrible to hear, when people sprang from their beds and rushed wildly into the streets! I got into the balcony and clung to the railing. It was all over in a few seconds—seconds that seemed hours to the terrified populace.

The crowds in the *parque* below and the streets shivered and moaned and prayed.

I stood in the balcony, alone I thought, for a few moments; then suddenly I perceived another figure gliding toward me from the farther end. It was the figure of a woman—a wonderfully fair, small, slight creature, totally unlike the women of the country. Her hair hung over her shoulders in a shimmering golden cloud. She wore a loose white garment, whose sleeves fell back from delicate little arms. She was very calm and quiet—not shrieking or sobbing. I would have addressed her, asking her if she would permit me to conduct her safely to the street, but as she came close and spoke to me, I recognized one of the softly sighing voices I had heard in the balcony that evening. I felt a thrill of, not fear, but something like awe.

"He told me," she murmured—"he told me it would be the last. He will not come again; nor shall I wander longer. I shall soon have ceased to expiate his fault. We lived, we loved, we wedded. Because I was his wife his fault became my fault; his punishment my punishment. . . . But now the end has come—the end, and peace, everlasting peace! . . . Once we were happy on earth—more happy hearts there never beat. But he, my husband, in an evil hour listened to a lying tongue—the tongue of one who hated me. A cruel, wicked doubt was planted in his heart—doubt of me, who was as true to him, as unchanging, as the stars in the heavens. He listened, he doubted, he turned from my side; I followed and besought him to tell me why his love grew cold. He heaped insult and scorn upon me; I fell down dying in my anguish. Friends came and strove to interfere. He murdered one; the other murdered him! . . . And then I, also, died. And our graves are side by side, but we could not sleep peacefully; and we have wandered, wandered, wandered—he to the far-off North; I, here in the land where once I was so happy! But now I shall wander no more. The sign, the signal has been given. Here on the balcony of this house, where we once lived in peace and tender affection—here—my punishment—shall—end—"

Her voice died away in a whisper. Daylight was breaking over the terrified town. The people still thronged the streets and the *parque* below. I gazed at my strange companion. Her figure appeared to fade, to become cloud-like. Suddenly, like the bursting of a bubble, her shape seemed to dissolve into fine atoms, and these were blown out and over into the *parque*, and I fancied I could see them sink and scatter among the people huddled there. She was gone!

I returned to my room. By and by I heard some persons re-entering the hotel below. I went down and spoke with my friend, who had sat smoking in the balcony the night before. He had seen me standing in the balcony. He asked me if I didn't know how to get down, or if I was simply trying to appear brave.

"I was not alone," I murmured; but he only looked incredulous.

"The tremor has shaken your brain," he said; and when I tried to explain what I had heard and seen, he laughed it off, and bade me not to lose my wits entirely.



PRICE 10 CENTS

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED

## NEWSPAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by THE JUDGE PUBLISHING CO., Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.—Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., as Second-class Matter.



UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

W. J. ARKELL  
AND  
RUSSELL B. HARRISON



# COLORADO FALLS INTO LINE

—WITH—  
NEW YORK, RHODE ISLAND, MICHIGAN, WISCONSIN, MINNESOTA, TENNESSEE,  
MARYLAND, OHIO AND MISSOURI.

Hon. LOUIS B. SCHWANBECK,

Insurance Commissioner for and Auditor of the State of Colorado, makes an

## OFFICIAL EXAMINATION

OF THE AFFAIRS, ASSETS, BOOKS AND ACCOUNTS OF THE

# MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION

AND RENDERS THE

Of-Repeated Verdict by Pronouncing the Business of the Company Correct in Every Particular.

The books of the company thrown wide open, which reveals the fact that over six millions of dollars have been paid to more than one thousand five hundred widows and six thousand orphan children of deceased members, with more than two million eight hundred thousand dollars assets, with more than one million six hundred thousand dollars net surplus. The Cash Reserve or Emergency Fund, approximately two millions of dollars, while more than sixteen million dollars in cash has already been saved to its members by reducing the cost of Life Insurance below the rates charged under the old level premium monopoly system. The reduction of premium exceeding 50 per cent as compared with the rates charged under the old system, and in addition thereto, the profits already accumulated, and held in trust for the benefit of our members, exceed 30 per cent of all the mortality premiums paid by them.

READ, FORTHE, REEL, & Co., and then insure with the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. An estate can at once be had of from \$1,000 to \$25,000, and held sacr. dly to the credit of the family, protected by the laws of the State from attachment of creditors, without investing one dollar of the principal, by simply paying annual premiums, averaging less than 75 per cent of the yearly taxes upon unimproved property in the city of New York and other cities of the Union.

### OFFICIAL REPORT OF EXAMINATION

BY

Hon. LOUIS B. SCHWANBECK,

Insurance Commissioner of Colorado,

AND

LUCIUS McADAM, Actuary

For the Insurance Department.

E. B. HARPER, Esq.,

President Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association.

Dear Sir: I have devoted the past three weeks to a most thorough examination of the present condition of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. In this work I have had the valuable assistance of the well-known actuary, Mr. Lucius McAdam, and the advice of other distinguished actuaries. The accompanying schedules show the financial status of the Association on March 16th, 1889.

I have examined the receipts and expenditures of the Association, and find the same to be as stated in Schedule A, hereto annexed. I have also examined the assets of the Association and verified all investments and deposits by direct personal investigation at the banks and other proper sources of information. The Central Trust Company of New York acts as Trustee for the Association, and all mortgage loans are made with the joint approval of the Trust Company and Association, and the mortgages are held by the Central Trust Company as Trustee. At the office of the Trust Company I carefully examined every loan made, and appraisals were furnished by experts as to the value of each property.

The investments of the Company I find to have been made judiciously upon proper appraisals and with due legal formalities. In connection therewith I have also examined and checked the liabilities of the Association. The results are shown in Schedule B, hereto annexed.

The general system of bookkeeping I find to be very complete and accurate, and supplied with all possible checks against error or defalcation.

I have further examined the method of levying, collecting and apportioning assessments in payment of death claims from the original entry books and vouchers furnished to me, and find the same correct and admirably conducted in all details. The method of receiving and approving applications for insurance, and the safeguards thrown around the same by the Medical Department, has also claimed my attention, and has been found to be eminently complete and satisfactory.

Schedule C, annexed hereto, shows a statement of the applications received and the disposition thereof, from January 1st to March 16th, 1889, exhibiting great care in the selection of risks.

The INVESTIGATION and approval of DEATH CLAIMS is very THOROUGH AND SYSTEMATIC, and my careful examination of each of the seven resisted claims has convinced me that good reasons existed for contesting them in the interest of the members of the Association.

In conclusion, I certify that the books and accounts of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association are carefully and accurately kept; its assets correctly stated; its honest death claims promptly paid in full, and its entire business conducted upon sound business principles.

The placing of a limitation upon the expense of management is highly commendable.

One great feature of the Association, the basing of the current mortality premiums payable by the members upon the actual death claims as the same shall occur, is an important reform carried out by this Association.

Its system of collecting and accumulating a special Reserve or Emergency Fund and carefully guarding this fund by placing it with Governmental Authorities, or with Trust Companies, who receive and hold the same for the exclusive use and benefit of its members, thus protecting them from excessive payments in any year, is deserving of special commendation. The present large accumulations of cash assets guarantee the payment of its policies of insurance in full.

The system of the Association furnishes life insurance at cost with absolute guarantee for its future permanence and stability.

New York, April 12, 1889.

LOUIS B. SCHWANBECK,

Auditor of State and Superintendent of Insurance, State of Colorado. Having assisted Mr. Louis B. Schwanbeck, Auditor of State and Superintendent of Insurance of Colorado, in his examination of the affairs of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, I fully concur in all his statements as to the correctness of its accounts and the ability, honesty and safety of its management.

LUCIUS McADAM,  
Actuary.

#### Schedule "A."

##### STATEMENT OF THE ACCOUNTS.

###### MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION,

TO MARCH 16, 1889.

Balance December 31, 1888..... \$1,953,753 81

##### INCOME SINCE JAN. 1, 1889:

Admission fees..... \$62 75  
Annual dues..... 74,311 91  
Fees for alteration in policies..... 117 00  
Mortuary calls..... 412,950 78  
Interest reserve fund account, bond and mortgage..... \$8,402 39  
Other sources..... 1,454 56  
Special deposit account and other sundry accounts of the Mortuary Department..... 3,232 33  
500 531 72  
\$2,454,285 53

##### DISBURSEMENTS SINCE JAN. 1, 1889:

Death claims paid since January 1, 1889..... \$270,037 00  
Dues returned to members..... 24 38  
Advertising..... 11,000 80  
Postage..... 1,640 49  
Furniture and fixtures..... 246 86  
Salaries and other compensation of officers and employees..... 18,550 25  
Printing..... 2,016 41  
Commissions..... 19,955 03  
Medical examination fees..... 93 00  
Superintendent of Agency expenses..... 1,100 00  
Rents..... 5,975 03  
Actuarial expenses..... 667 35  
General office expenses..... 4,318 05  
Agency expenses..... 4,211 52  
Law expenses..... 1,781 50  
Travelling expenses..... 1,231 50  
Exchange..... 24 42  
Commissions paid to banks and collectors and cost of levying and collecting \$412,957.81, of mortuary calls and adjusting \$270,037 of death claims..... 31,157 00

Total disbursements..... 374,090 59

Balance..... \$2,080,194 94

#### Schedule "B."

##### NET CASH AND INVESTED ASSETS.

Bonds and mortgages..... \$1,571,000 00  
St. Louis City bond, held by Ins. Dept., Mo..... 1,000 00  
Cash deposited with Central Trust Co., N. Y..... 76,311 94  
" " Bank of England..... 97,500 00  
" " Bank of Montreal, Canada..... 50,000 00  
" " American Loan and Trust Co., N. Y..... 55,652 96  
" " Fourth National Bank, N. Y..... 85,080 43  
" " Societe de Depots and Cr. Foncier, Paris..... 25,725 83  
" " Third National Bank, Boston..... 10,000 00  
" " National Provincial Bank London..... 484 00  
" " Central Trust Co., Int. Income..... 4,924 74  
" " Mercantile National Bank, N. Y..... 1,269 38  
" " National Park Bank, N. Y..... 6,948 97  
" " sundry other banks..... 180 93  
Cash in office..... 4,779 86  
Advances to agents and general agents, secured..... 79,761 90  
Furniture and fixtures..... 7,624 50  
\$2,080,194 94

##### OTHER ASSETS.

Interest accrued on bond and mortgage..... \$23,452 50  
" " on deposit in Bank of England..... 833 32  
" " on deposit in Canada Bank of Montreal..... 312 50  
" " on sundry deposits..... 59 38  
Mortuary assessments not yet due, but called and in process of collection..... \$759,898 72  
Annual dues in process of collection..... 51,316 00  
\$811,214 72  
Less estimated cost of collection..... 52,728 95  
758,485 77 783,143 47  
\$2,863,338 41

##### LIABILITIES.

Losses due and unpaid..... none  
Death claims approved and assessed for (call 43) unpaid..... \$238,800 00  
Death claims approved not assessed for..... 127,500 00  
Death claims in process of adjustment and reported..... 71,000 00  
Death claims resisted..... 43,000 00  
\$480,300 00  
Outstanding dividend bonds..... 286,584 83  
Special deposit to credit of members, March 16, 1889..... 9,876 31  
Net present value of all policies in force March 16, 1889, computed as renewable term insurance for 60 days, Actuaries Table of Mortality, interest 4 per cent. All policies terminate by limit of time each 60 days. Subsequent payments maturing each 60 days equal liability for future death claims, based on combined Experience Tables of Mortality..... 431,128 00  
Total liabilities..... \$1,207,889 14  
Net surplus..... \$1,655,449 27

#### EXHIBIT OF POLICIES.

Number and amount in force Dec. 31, 1888..... 47,693 \$168,902,850  
Number and amount written to March 16, 1889..... 2,610 7,131,000  
50,303 \$176,033,850  
Number and amount terminated to March 16, 1889..... 1,178 4,292,506  
49,125 \$171,841,350

#### Schedule "C."

Applications for insurance received at Home Office January 1 to March 16, 1889..... 3,404 \$10,113,300  
Disposed of as follows, viz:  
Policies written..... 2,610 7,131,000  
Applications rejected..... 272 718,400  
Applications held for further investigation..... 522 2,263,900  
Total..... 3,404 \$10,113,300

We hereby certify the above to be a true and correct copy of the original statements of the assets and liabilities of the Association.

LOUIS B. SCHWANBECK, Superintendent.  
LUCIUS McADAM, Actuary.

The above report simply confirms the many flattering reports received after official examinations by the many Insurance Commissioners, Actuaries and accountants of the various States in our Union; and it should finally settle once for all the great controversy that has so long existed between the various systems of Life Insurance. The verdict must stand, that the system of Life Insurance is the best that has for its foundation the plan of collecting from the living, in addition to reasonable expenses, only that sum that will provide for the current death claims, with a reasonable Reserve or Emergency Fund, but, that any excess of premiums collected, over the current death claims, to be held in trust, and if not required to provide for special emergencies, to be returned to the members to whom the same belong at stated periods.

This is the system of the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association. Home Office, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.

E. B. HARPER, President.  
CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY, Trustee of the Reserve Fund.

AMERICAN LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK, Depository Special Emergency Fund.

O. D. BALDWIN, Vice-President.

N. W. BLOSS, Second Vice-President.  
Hon. HENRY J. REINMUND, Controller and Treasurer (late Sup't Insurance Dep't of the State of Ohio).

S. A. ROBINSON, M. D., Chairman Finance Committee on Investment.

C. R. BISSELL, Chairman Directors' Committee on Death Claims.  
FREDERIC T. BRAMAN, Secretary.

#### POSITIONS FOR GOOD BUSINESS MEN.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, 38 Park Row, New York, desire to engage as Managers in several of the Western and Eastern States experienced, active business men; those who can present proper testimonials as to character, and who are willing to do personal work, will be offered permanent and profitable positions. The Association also require the services of Special, District and Local Agents in the Eastern and Western States.

#### COMPLETE RETRACTION

BY

Messrs. Davis and Lakey, Publishers of Insurance.

Messrs. Davis & Lakey, publishers of Insurance, an Old Line Journal, and also publishers of the leaflet known as "The Great Repudiator," having for many years published derogatory articles concerning the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, and especially charging the company with not paying its death claims in full, President Harper accepted their challenge that they personally investigate each claim that they might select, with the agreement that they publish in the columns of Insurance the result of their findings. In its issue of April 12, 1889, the publishers devote eight columns to the reviewing of each case in question, and close their article with the following "complete and manly retraction":

From Insurance, April 12, 1889:

"It may, we think, safely be assumed that the cases here treated are fairly representative of the entire eighty-six, so that one general judgment will cover them all. That judgment must be in favor of the company. It involves, necessarily, the proposition that in the inferences and conclusions of the article in this paper of November 25, 1887, afterward reprinted as a leaflet under the title 'The Great Repudiator,' we were wholly wrong. So be it. We meant to be right and thought that we were right. That article was based on insufficient evidence, and therefore was a mistake. Complete evidence, so far as the same is obtainable—and in nearly all the cases examined the evidence is complete—demonstrates that the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association did not err on the side of illiberality in settling with these loss claimants. The error which we should rather ascribe to it, in some cases, was of yielding beyond the demands of justice and equity. It dreaded litigation. There was reason for the dread: for an insurance company that goes often to court, even to resist unjust claims, acquires bad repute. And bad repute means loss of business, loss of money. Economically it is better to pay too much than to fight. This is the general rule. Probably for the great body of its policy holders, the company's more liberal than strictly just course of dealing was on the whole advantageous. However this may be, the policy beneficiaries have been treated most generously."

If you could effect A SAVING OF 50 PER CENT in the cost of Life Insurance, and have it placed in a regular company of undoubted financial strength, would you not consider it? If so, call or address the **MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION**, Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York.